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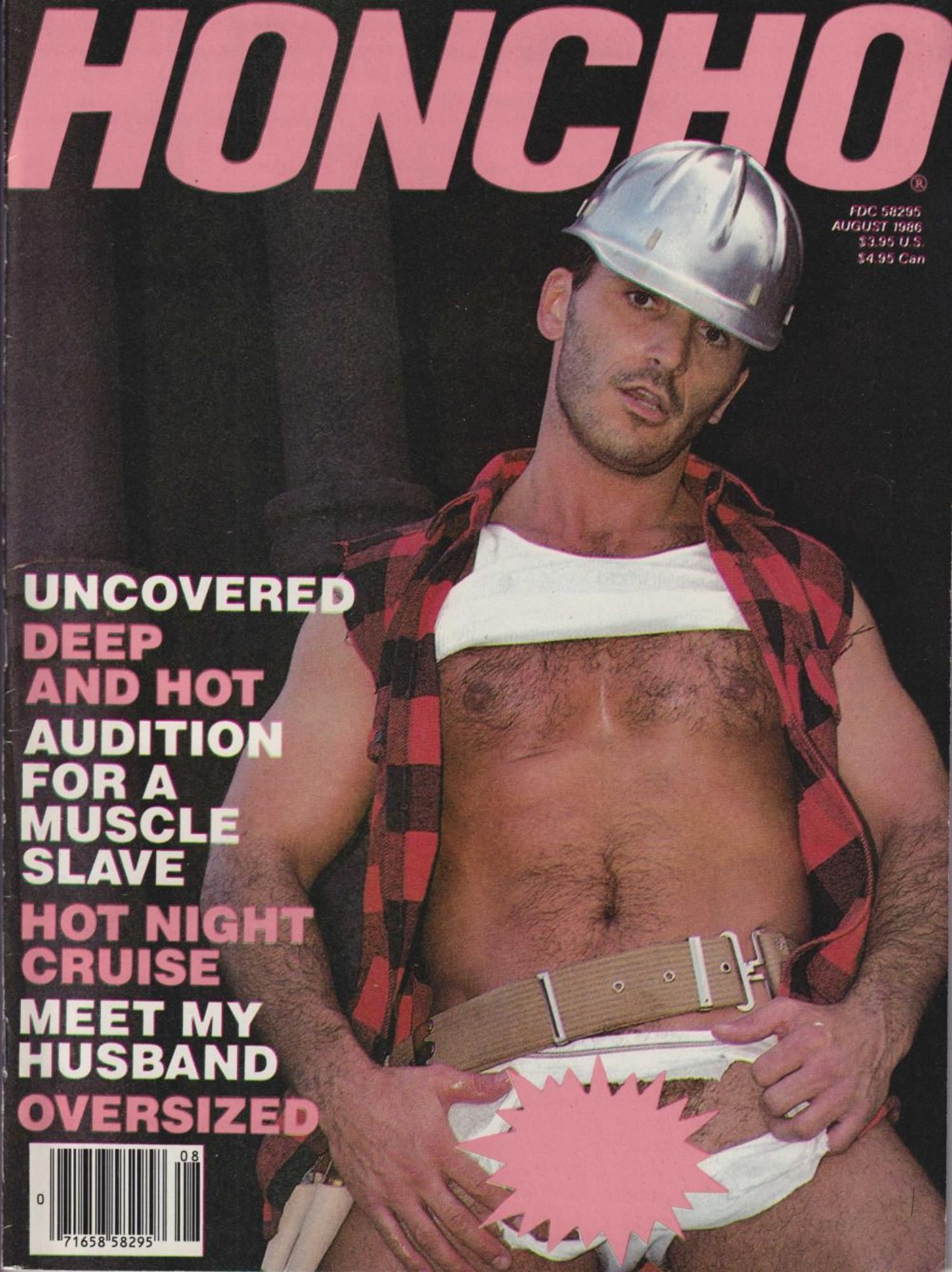

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HOT NIGHT CRUISE

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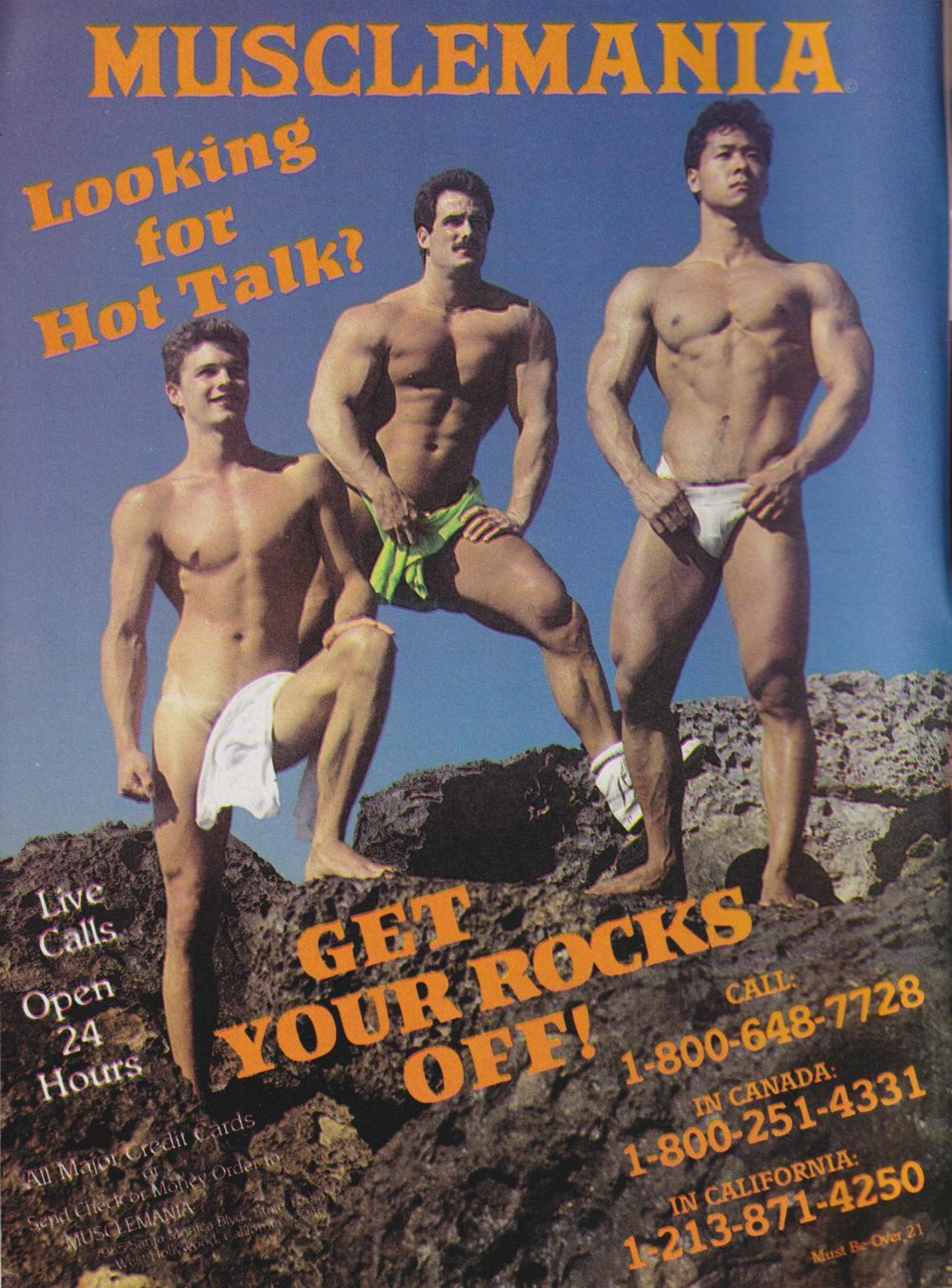
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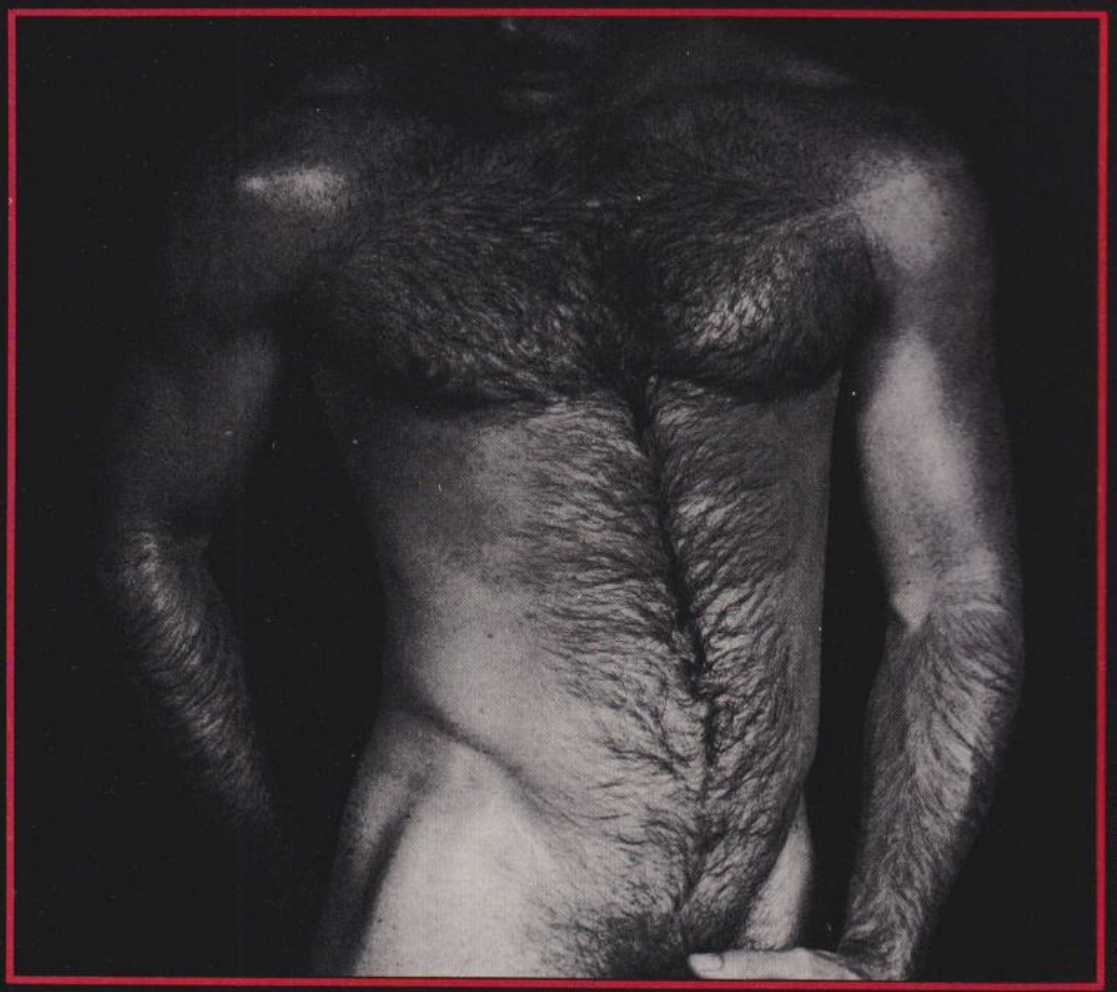

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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

AUGUST 1986
VOLUME 9 • NUMBER 5

COVER BY: JOSEPH MODICA

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PUBLISHER/GEORGE MAVETY

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT/JOE GRECO
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF/FREEMAN GUNTER
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ADVERTISING/DON BEAVERS
7985 SANTA MONICA BLVD. SUITE 104
WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046
(213) 650-3994

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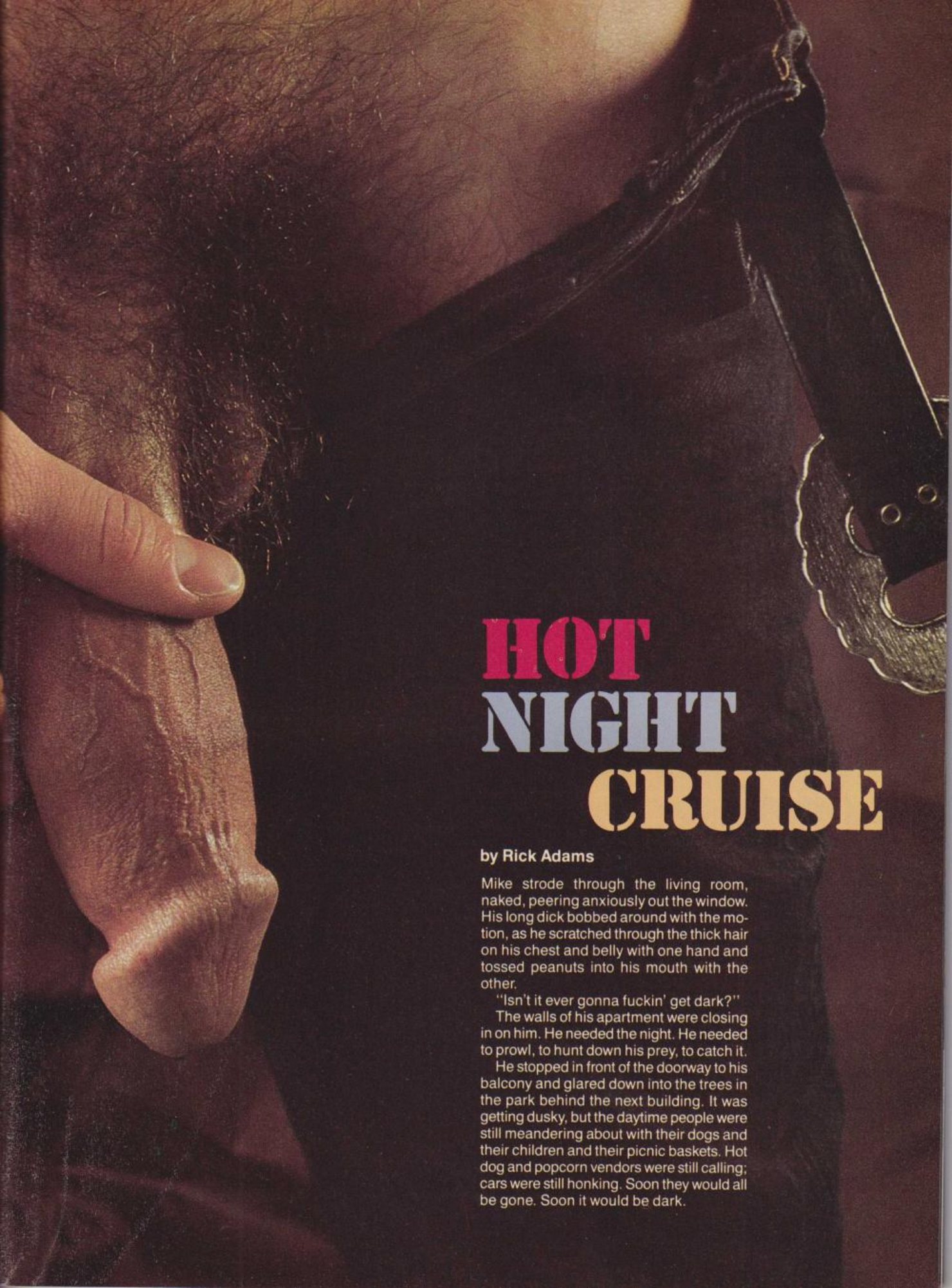


HOT NIGHT CRUISE

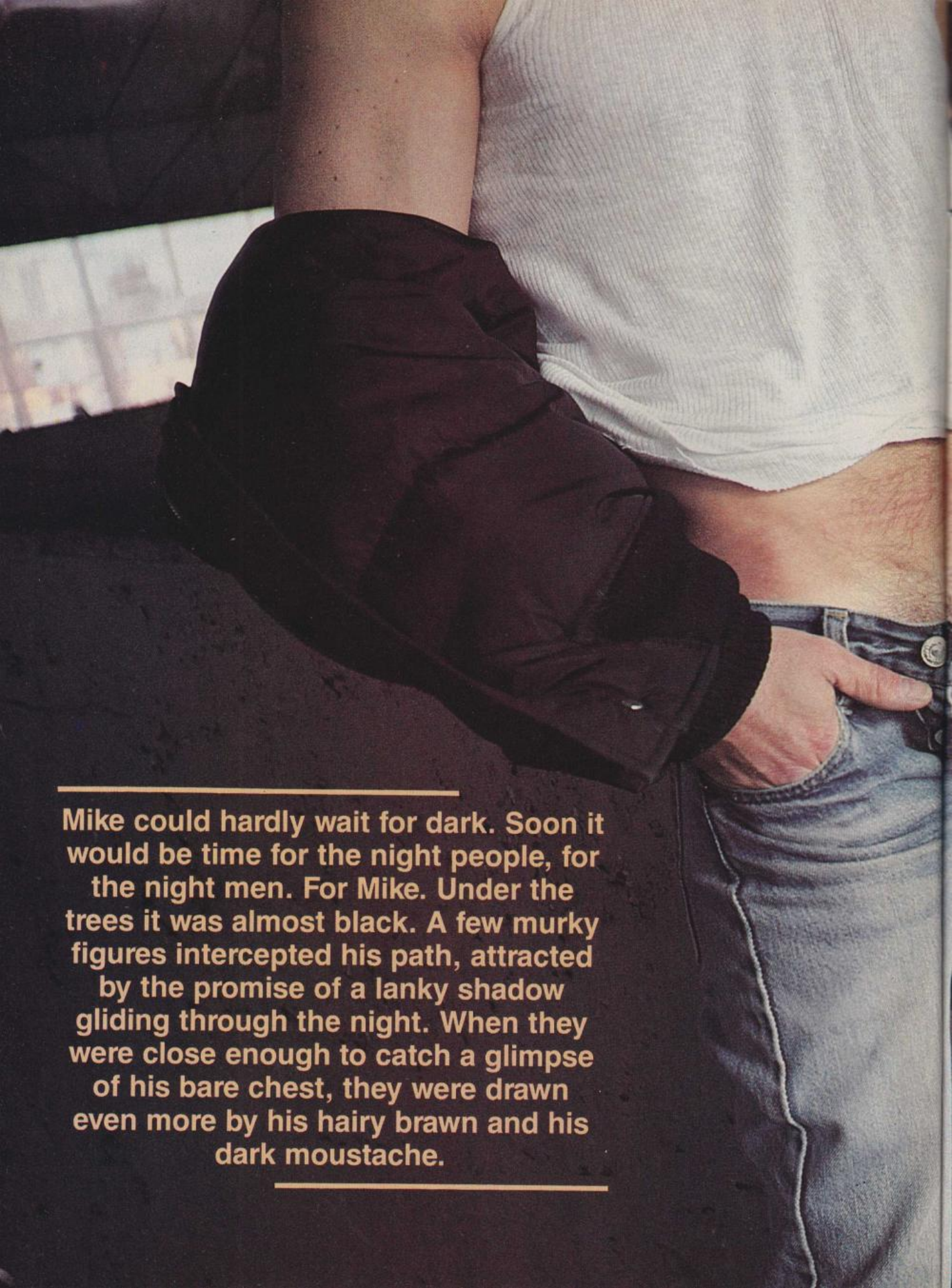
by Rick Adams

Mike strode through the living room, naked, peering anxiously out the window. His long dick bobbed around with the motion, as he scratched through the thick hair on his chest and belly with one hand and tossed peanuts into his mouth with the other.

"Isn't it ever gonna fuckin' get dark?"

The walls of his apartment were closing in on him. He needed the night. He needed to prowl, to hunt down his prey, to catch it.

He stopped in front of the doorway to his balcony and glared down into the trees in the park behind the next building. It was getting dusky, but the daytime people were still meandering about with their dogs and their children and their picnic baskets. Hot dog and popcorn vendors were still calling; cars were still honking. Soon they would all be gone. Soon it would be dark.



Mike could hardly wait for dark. Soon it would be time for the night people, for the night men. For Mike. Under the trees it was almost black. A few murky figures intercepted his path, attracted by the promise of a lanky shadow gliding through the night. When they were close enough to catch a glimpse of his bare chest, they were drawn even more by his hairy brawn and his dark moustache.

Soon it would be time for the night people, for the night men, for Mike.

He grabbed the thick knob at the end of his cock and kneaded the meat between his fingers. Fuck, he was horny!

Lights began to flash on in the apartments in the building across the way. Mike knew that he could be observed, standing naked in plain view, as easily as he could observe his neighbors, removing overcoats and pulling blinds. But he didn't give a shit. All he cared about was the gathering darkness, the delicious things it had to offer him. He paced around in the almost-dark, his lust for cruising making him impatient.

"C'mon, goddammit! Would you fuckin' get dark, for chrissakes!" He tossed a few more peanuts into his mouth and chomped them down, then slowly began turning off all the lights in his apartment. As it became darker around him, he sensed his space beginning to swell and balloon with a new kind of excitement, and the walls beginning to shrink away.

He pulled on an old pair of jeans, carefully placing both big balls and his heavy cock down the right leg of his pants and pushing a little blood into them to make the long lump stick out nicely. He slowly laced up his steel-toed boots—the same ones he used for work—and strode over to the doorway again. The muscles on his bare chest tensed in anticipation as he peered out. It was dark.

"Time to get my fuckin' ass out there!"

Under the trees it was almost black. Mike kept his eyes wide and darting as he headed off towards the cruising area. A few murky figures intercepted his path, attracted, Mike knew, by the promise of a lanky shadow gliding through the night. When they were close enough to catch a glimpse of his bare top, they were drawn even more by his hairy brawn and his dark moustache. Mike knew this, too.

But he didn't stop. Not here. Not yet. This wasn't his spot. These weren't the men he wanted, the hot men.

Besides, even though he could have any guy in the park, any time he wanted, he wasn't ready to pick his man. First, he was going to enjoy the hunt.

As he neared his hot spot, he began to cruise more openly. It was all part of the game. "Cruise 'em enough to keep 'em interested, keep 'em after me, keep 'em hot on my tail."

The plan was to hunt out the stud he wanted to fuck, to get him hot and keep him hot by sampling some of the other guys. He knew just how to do it; it worked perfectly every time.

He wandered down the narrow trails between the bushes, where cruisers could brush lightly against each other as they passed. Mike, the cocky stud, strutted up and down with his legs wide apart. He stared deep into the eyes of every young guy who caught his fancy. As they passed, he let the back of his hand "accidentally" brush against a thigh or crotch. He knew he was hooking every one of them. All became his victims. He called it his "hot-gaze-and-sexy-ways" trick. They all fell for it. They all doubled back again and again. He always gave them just enough to keep them interested.

But he hadn't seen the one he really wanted yet. He kept looking.

PHOTO BY CITYBOY

Awhile later, Mike heard a slight jingling sound. He peered up the path. A tall dark figure was sauntering toward him. The guy was wearing leather pants and cap, and a leather vest over his bare chest. The chains hanging from his studded belt rattled against each other as he swaggered along.

Mike had seen this guy here a few times before. "Leather Larry," he called him. The guy had even squirted his cum into Mike's fist once.

As soon as he saw Leather Larry, he knew this was the man he wanted to fuck tonight. Mike stopped right in the center of the path so that his prey couldn't possibly get by. His eyes glared through the dark until they found the eyes of the jingling stud. Mike kept his gaze steady, never blinking, never looking away.

Leather Larry stopped about a foot in front. A little smile crept out from under Mike's dark moustache as he reached out his hand to cup the lump sticking out of the crotch of the leather pants. He whistled lightly through his teeth and grinned broadly. Then abruptly he took his hand away, stepped around the man, and wandered slowly on along the path. Two or three times he glanced around and let his eyes graze over the leather man's body. But he kept going.

"I got the bastard now." Mike smiled to himself and began planning his next move.

Mike knew Larry would follow him, and he was right. About 20 feet behind on the trail, Mike figured. He glanced back once more just to check. Right again.

Mike took a side trail which lead to a tree where he had passed a good-looking kid hanging around a few minutes earlier. Good. The kid was still there. He was one of the many Mike had turned on and left dangling.

He went right up to the guy and grabbed at his cock a little roughly. The kid could hardly believe his luck; he stared hungrily into Mike's face. Mike yanked out the hot young cock and let it stiffen in his fist.

Leather Larry rounded the corner and stopped suddenly when he saw what Mike was doing. He might have turned around to go, but Mike caught his eyes and held him with his stare.

He continued to hold Larry as he sank down in front of the kid, whose legs were wide apart, and began to suck furiously on the cock. Mike wiggled his tongue wildly and squeezed the kid's balls until he'd milked out some juice. He swallowed it quickly, smiled at the kid, slapped him lightly on the ass. Then he stood up and headed straight toward Larry. He winked at him and brushed closely past him.

"I really got him fuckin' shakin' his head now." Mike smiled to himself as he glanced back to invite Larry to follow him again.

Mike knew that part of the reason he was such hot stuff on the trails was that he didn't exactly follow the usual customs of cruising. He was bold. He was unpredictable. He was sassy. Night cruisers had precise signs and signals, and strict rules. Mike knew them all and used them all to keep his men hooked. But he changed them at whim and made up new ones, to keep his men bewildered, and wondering, and hot.

That's how Mike knew Larry would follow him.

Mike lured another of his handsome young danglers behind a bush and pulled out the second cock. "Leather Larry will expect to see me suck this one, too." When Larry came around the bush, both Mike and the new kid already had their hard cocks out. Mike caught Larry's gaze and sank to his knees.

With the cock in his mouth, Mike pulled the kid's pants down to his ankles. Then he quickly stood up and spun the guy around. He grabbed the kid's cock from behind, spit on his other palm, and rubbed the spit on his dick. He pumped furiously on the young cock in his fist and pressed his own cock into the young ass.

He didn't really fuck the kid much. He just wanted Larry to see him with his cock in the kid's asshole while he jerked him off from behind.

As planned, soon Larry was not to get in on the action. He came over to Mike and reached out to touch him. Mike glared at him: "Fuck off!" But he continued to hold Larry with his eyes until the kid jerked and convulsed and shot his wad onto the ground in front of him.

Mike pulled out of the kid's ass and stood grinning at Larry and the kid, Mike's brawny chest and big dick sticking out boldly into the night shadows.

Then he grabbed at the stiff rod poking out the front of Larry's leather pants and motioned with his head for Larry to follow him.

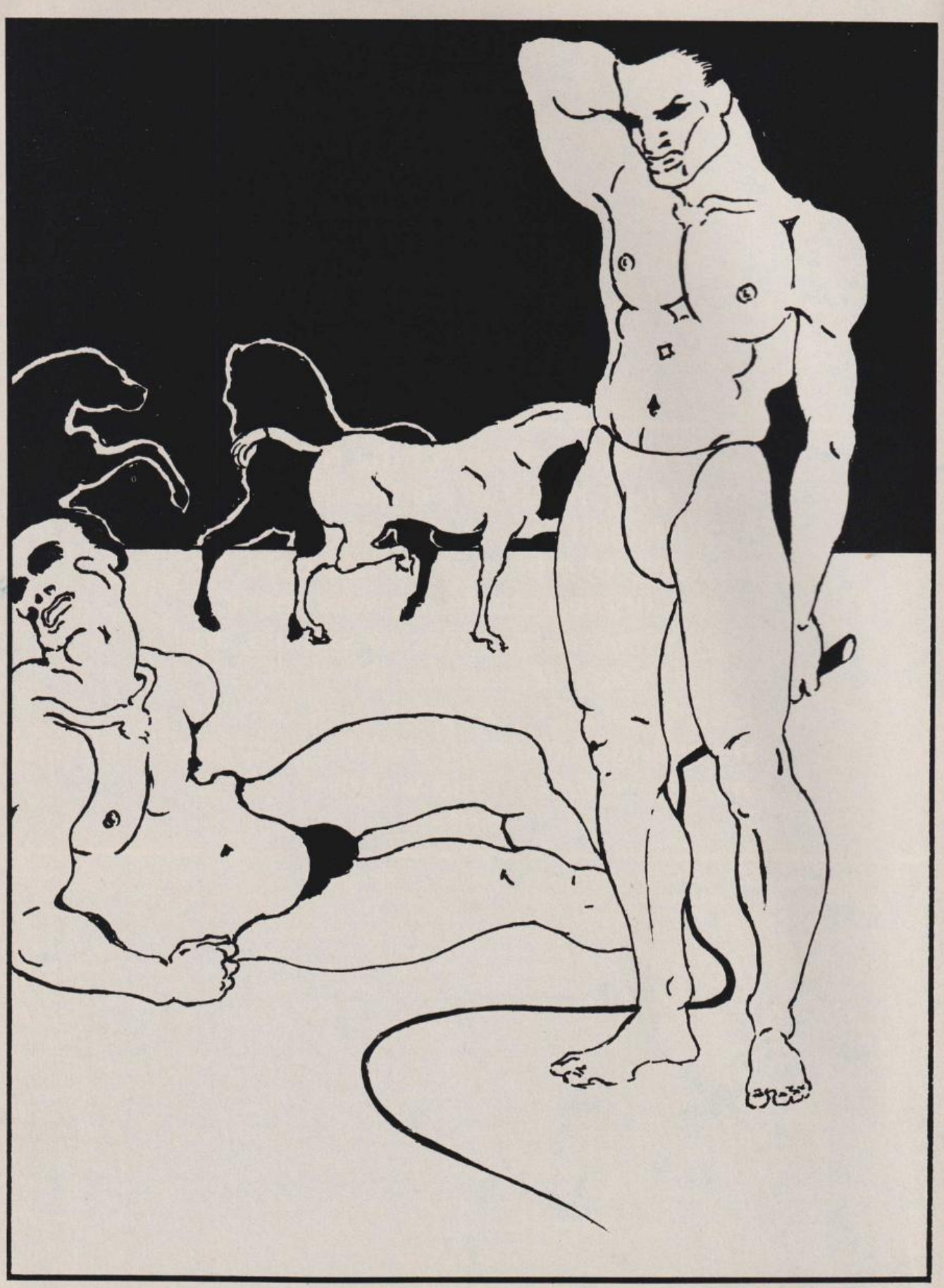
Mike chose a spot in a little clearing, partly hidden from the other cruisers. He stopped in the center to wait for Larry, with his thumbs in his jeans pockets and his head thrown back. In a minute, Larry entered the clearing. "Get your pants down, man. I wanna see your cock."

Larry undid the front of his leather pants

Continued to page 74

Mike knew that part of the reason he was such hot stuff on the trails was that he didn't exactly follow the usual customs of cruising. He was bold. He was unpredictable. He was sassy. Night cruisers had precise signals, and strict rules. Mike knew them all and used them all to keep his men hooked. He changed them at whim to keep his men bewildered, and wondering, and hot.

PHOTO BY FRED BISONNES



Audition for a Muscle Slave

BY JOHN PRESTON • ART BY K. SELTZER

This is an excerpt from the novel *Entertainment for a Master,* by John Preston, published by Alyson Publications. Copies are available by mail order from: Alyson Publications, Dept. P-46, 40 Plympton Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118, for $9.50, postpaid. Another excerpt from *Entertainment for a Master* appears in the current issue of MANDATE (August 1986).

THE REPLIES

It didn't take long for the letters to begin arriving. I had placed many ads over the years, but it had been a long time and I had forgotten just what a spectrum of types answered them.

There were some scribbled on ruled paper. Others processed on computers. Some were insultingly xeroxed. A few were stupidly challenging. "If you're for real, prove it and perhaps I'll consider your request." This was a response to an advertisement for slaves?

The only ones I considered seriously were those with photographs. A very few others were interesting enough that I did write back to request a picture, but only a couple of those complied.

I sorted through the responses daily. I wasn't just after a collection of perfect men, I wanted a range.

I wanted my circus to have many rings.

One by one, the choices made themselves obvious and I made the calls. Fortunately, the respondents were all serious. I didn't have to deal with the fools who enjoy littering other people's mail with private fantasies they never expect to be fulfilled.

During the phone calls, I made up my interview schedule. I had more than enough men from California to be assured of the necessary numbers. I got work schedules, told them where to meet me for interviews and how to appear.

There were two replies that were nagging me. Neither one was from California, and that made me think that they weren't serious. But there was a ring of sincerity to them that I couldn't ignore.

One was from a businessman in Ohio who went so far as to write me on his office stationery, proof of his conviction as well as his ability to afford the trip to the West Coast.

Dear Sir:

I've been delirious since I read your ad. My fantasies are decidedly masochistic, but they are also very subtle. The basics of S&M are available in Chicago or New York, cities I visit regularly. I can wear a black leather jacket as well as any other man. My only problem with the bars and the parties I go to is that I'm taken for a top more often than not.

I'm 6'4", 32 years old, a conscientious weightlifter with a powerful build, as I hope you'll see from the enclosed photographs, which are very recent.

I am most attracted by the idea of being displayed. I love the attention that I get by exhibiting myself. To be honest, that's the reason I work out as much as I do.

Your party sounds like an extraordinary opportunity for me to realize some of my most secret desires.

I am self-employed and can arrange the time off to come to San Francisco for your pleasure. I would be happy to do anything to make your entertainment as complete and perfect as possible.

Forgive me, sir, for admitting this, but my cock is hard and I'm stopping and starting this letter over and over again so I can jerk on it enough to keep up the tension that it takes for me to write all of this down.

I've never committed these things to paper before. But there must be a time when every one of us says yes to a fantasy.

Being on display in full light, for men and women, with the possibility of being used and abused . . . It's too much, sir.

I knew the story. I'd heard it a million times. He'd risen in his community by being everyone's ideal of the American male. He was decisive in business, a leader in small groups. For him there was no escape. The dirty little secrets of his adolescence had terrified him and compelled him to overcompensate with extraordinary accomplishments. He would be one of the hungry ones. Hungry for humiliation. Hungry to serve his master.

Please accept my humble application.

Your willing slave,
Christopher

The photographs were stunning. They showed Christopher in classic bodybuilding poses, wearing one of those very skimpy pairs of briefs that are worn in competition. He had stopped short of being grotesque, but there was still so much of him, and the proportions were beautiful.

I picked up the phone and dialed his office number. A receptionist answered and passed me on to a secretary. I was officiously told that he was very busy. I insisted that it was very important. Grudgingly, she put me on hold. In a moment she came back and told me that he was unable to come to the phone. If I would like to try later. . .

Then there was a noise in the background, a disruption that the secretary obviously wasn't used to having to cope with. I knew instantly what had happened. Christopher had forgotten his letter and had told the woman to get rid of me. But the connection between the source of the call and my initials—all I had identified myself with in the ad—had come to him suddenly and he had raced out to countermand his original order.

"He'll be right with you."

"Yes," he answered not long after that, his voice deep and masculine.

"I'm answering your letter, about the trip to California."

"Yes. . .sir." The *sir* was almost whispered, as though he still worried about the secretary hearing him. "I'm glad you called."

"Can you clear your schedule for the fifteenth? I'll come through your city and interview you."

"Interview me? Is that really necessary?"

"I would think you'd enjoy it." I smiled at his discomfort and began to look forward to this little visit. "I'll see you on the fifteenth. If you're. . .appropriate, we can make the other arrangements."

"Are you sure that an interview is necessary, though? Didn't you see my pictures?"

"As my ad stated, looks aren't enough. I have to know that you're appropriate for my purposes. That can't be ascertained without. . .a tryout."

"Well. . ." He was riffling through some papers, checking his schedule. "Yes, the fifteenth would be fine."

I gave him the name of a downtown hotel where I'd been before.

"Can I ask. . .do you mind telling me. . . what you look like, sir?"

"Yes, I do. If you're only after a certain type of person—rather than a type of experience—then you can always leave. But for now I think it's better for you simply to arrive, without the usual bottom fantasies. Just prepare yourself for the test. I am not, after all, calling in response to a dating service."

"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean. . ."

"Enough. I'll write to you with my complete name and other instructions later. I'll expect you to follow them to the letter."

"Of course. Of course. This is very exciting, sir. I can't thank you. . ."

I hung up.

* * * * *

I was sitting in the hotel cocktail lounge when I finally met him. He was nervous, of course. I had told him to come directly from his office, and he was still dressed in his three-piece suit and wing-tip shoes. I guessed that the costume was the last thing he would have chosen to wear to meet a sexual partner, but I was delighted by it.

He sat down across from me after I had motioned to him and signaled that, yes, I was the one. I had learned to describe myself to someone I'm meeting through the personal ads for the first time in terms that encourage them to show up, without in any way giving them high expectations. That way, they're invariably delighted with what they do find.

The big smile on Christopher's face was full of delight and relief. A waitress approached. "A martini, straight up," Christopher ordered.

"No. I've already ordered a bottle of Chablis. It's on ice now. That will do." I turned to the waitress. "You can pour it now."

"Of course." She went to get the wine.

After the wine was brought, opened, and poured, Christopher lifted his glass and toasted me silently. But he stopped before he drank and waited for me to give a signal. I picked up my own glass and nodded, and we both took a swallow.

"Tell me about yourself."

He put the glass back on the table and studied me for a moment. "I'm not used to talking about my. . .real life." I knew he wasn't challenging me, or playing a game. But I also knew something else.

"If you hadn't wanted to talk about yourself, you wouldn't have written me on business letterhead and you wouldn't have been so calm about my coming to your hometown."

He took a deep breath. "You know my occupation. I'm fairly successful. I'm married." He took another drink, as though wanting to punctuate that last statement. He was studying me again, wondering how I was going to deal with his disclosure. I didn't react.

He continued: "I'm president of the Rotary, the youngest they've ever had. I'm a member of the right church, Presbyterian in this town. I went to a local college, quarterback of the football team, president of my fraternity, ranked number one in graduate school. . ."

I knew the story. I'd heard it a million times. He didn't have to tell me the details. I knew them by heart. He'd risen in his community by being everyone's ideal of the American male. He was decisive in business, a leader in small groups. His

Continued to page 20

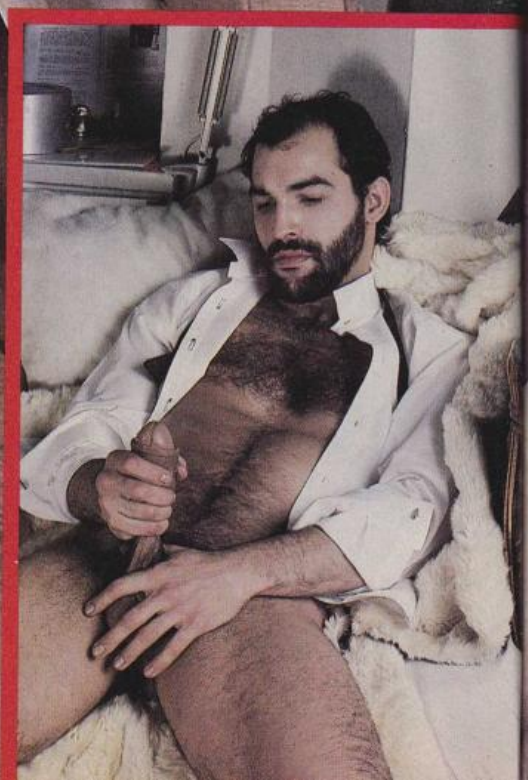
Uncovered

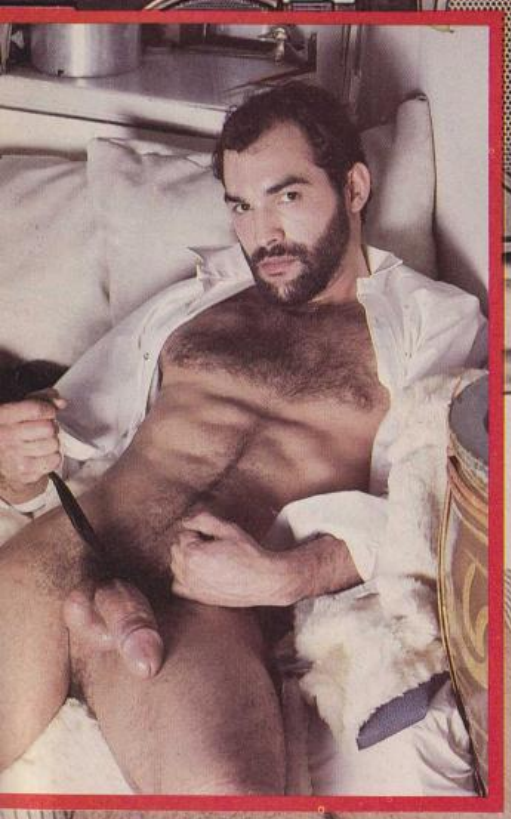
You saw him eyeing you at your company's annual banquet. You didn't dare hope that he'd be yours by night's end.

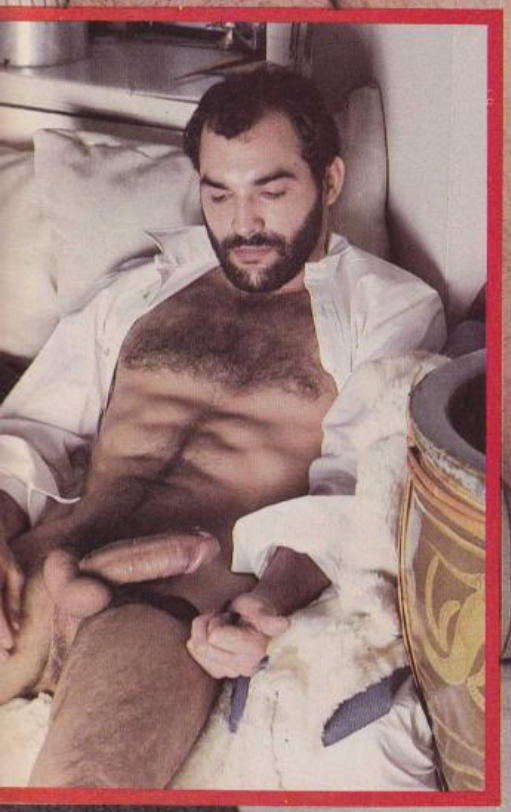
Section photographed by Usher

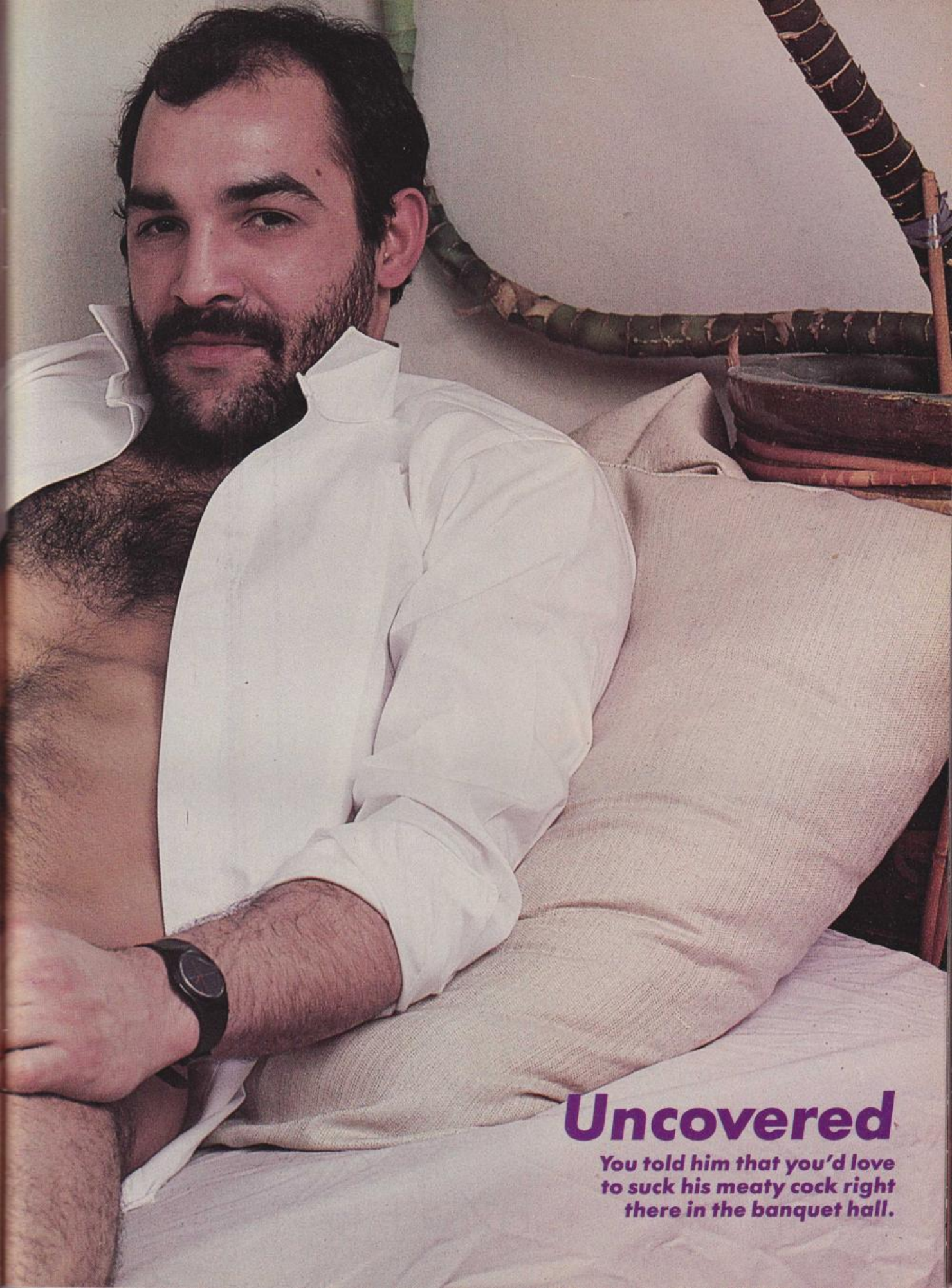
Uncovered

Casual cocktail conversation gave way to hot sex talk. He said he'd rather eat you for the main course.







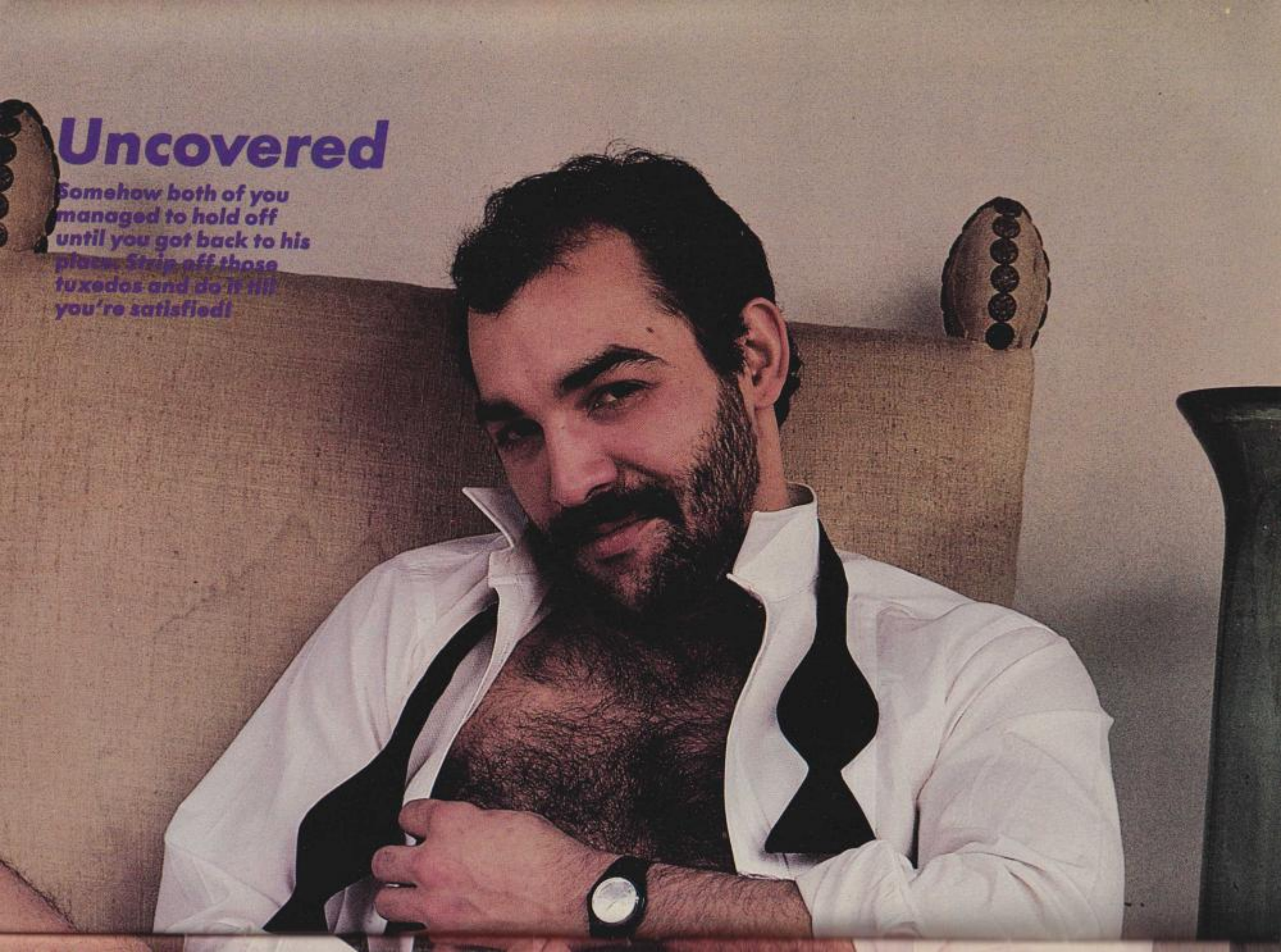


Uncovered

You told him that you'd love to suck his meaty cock right there in the banquet hall.

Uncovered

Somehow both of you managed to hold off until you got back to his place. Strip off those tuxedos and do it till you're satisfied!



Continued from page 12

I put a slave collar around his muscular neck. "You're the kind of man who needs this symbol, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir." His voice was barely a whisper; the person who dominated an office and a wife could not loudly acknowledge the desire for a collar. I asked him what it meant to him—the collar.

"That . . . that I have no control. That I have to do what you say. That you are my master and I must follow your orders . . ."

wife, no doubt, was one of those totally dependent types who loathe feminism and run from its implications.

As for him, there was no escape. The dirty little secrets of his adolescence had terrified him and compelled him to overcompensate with extraordinary accomplishments.

He would be one of the hungry ones. "Are you gay?"

He shifted a little bit, his eyes avoiding mine. "That's not what's important—it being a man or a woman. What's important is. . ." He stopped. He seemed to understand that the confession was inappropriate.

I understood that as well. I stared at him for a minute before continuing. "What's important is that someone—anyone—take charge. That's it, isn't it? You just need someone to relieve you from the pressure of all those decisions, all those responsibilities."

"Yes."

I reached into the inside pocket of my jacket and brought out a small black paper bag. "Go to the men's room and put this on. It will help us make sure we both understand what's happening here."

He seemed to be terrified of the parcel sitting on the table. He scanned the room, as if he were afraid he might find a fellow church member or Rotarian. Finally he picked up the bag and did as I had told him to do.

In about five minutes he returned, his walk decidedly less jaunty, less self-assured. When he sat down I told him, "Squeeze your hand into your lap, hard." I said it casually; no one looking at us would have noticed anything out of the ordinary about the way we were talking to one another. "Put your legs together."

He struggled to keep the expression on his face from breaking into a grimace as he obeyed my commands. The color had left his skin, and there were a few beads of sweat gathering on his forehead.

"That's enough. Relax."

He couldn't hide his relief. He opened his mouth wide and gulped for breath.

The package had contained a simple but effective device, a small leather band with studs on it, which first appears to be just a cock ring. But the lining behind the studs is not closed. When pressure is applied, they bite into the skin painfully.

It has alway been a favorite of mine, especially for men who choose to wear costumes like Christopher's suit. If they want to project that image to the world, fine. But with me, there should be something to serve as a constant and emphatic reminder of the roles we've chosen.

"May I?" He was reaching for his wine glass, but he didn't pick it up until I'd said yes. He needed that drink. As soon as he'd drained his glass in one gulp, the waitress appeared and refilled it.

"I've cleared my schedule, as you told me to. Actually I go to California—supposedly on business—at least four times a year."

"You're taking a lot for granted."

I'm sure he would have made some quick reply, if he hadn't been wearing the cock ring. But the tingle of pain reminded him of who was in charge. "I hope you'll let me go."

It was a perfect answer. "Tell me more about why you want it—this particular event."

He thought for a while. "I told you I was an athlete in college. Now, working out and not having the athletic field as an outlet makes me more. . .aware of my needs. You asked before what was important. The homosexuality really isn't much of it at all. If I could find women who were as discreet as the men and if the women knew how to fulfill my desires, I'm sure I'd be perfectly willing to do these things with them."

Madame would have a field day putting this guy through his paces. Of course I'd have to have him at the party.

That didn't mean I couldn't have him now.

"Let's go to my room."

* * * * *

When we got there I seated myself in a chair by the picture window overlooking the downtown area, took out a cigarette, and held it. Obediently he lit it with the matches in the ashtray.

"Undress."

He went to the nearby closet and opened it. He took off his suit jacket and vest and hung them up. Then he undid his shirt. He bent over and began to unlace his shoes. A sharp frown swept over his face when the spikes in the ring bit into his balls. But he continued. He kicked his shoes off into the closet, then removed his shirt and hung it up. He seemed to hesitate for a moment when it came time to unbuckle his belt. But the indecision was so fleeting that there was no need for me to mention it. He stepped out of the trousers.

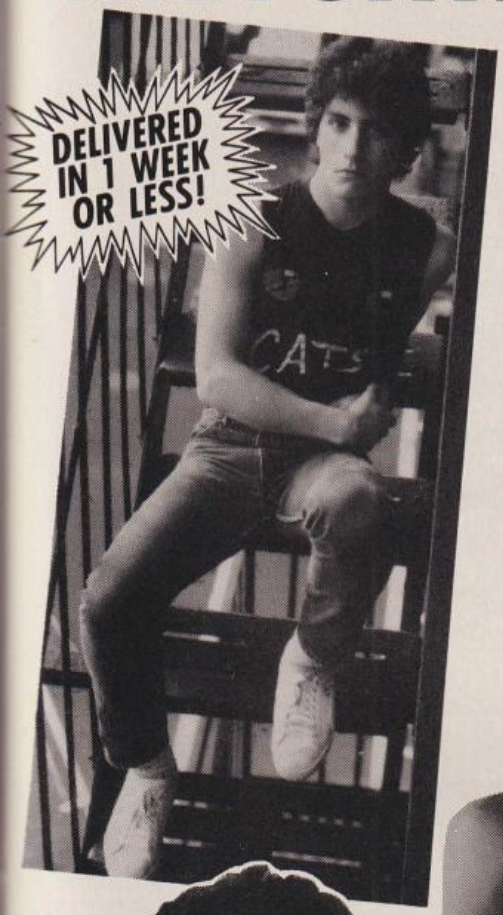
The socks and undershirt were next. Now he was facing me in only his tightly cut boxer shorts. I could make out the lines of his half-erect cock through the fabric. He pulled down the underpants and stood before me naked.

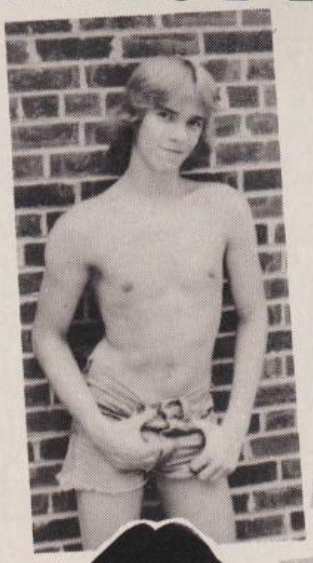
It was a fine sight. Close up, I could see that he shaved his body. Apart from the clearly defined triangle of his pubic region and under his arms, he was completely hairless. I knew I would feel the stubble when I ran my hands over his chest.

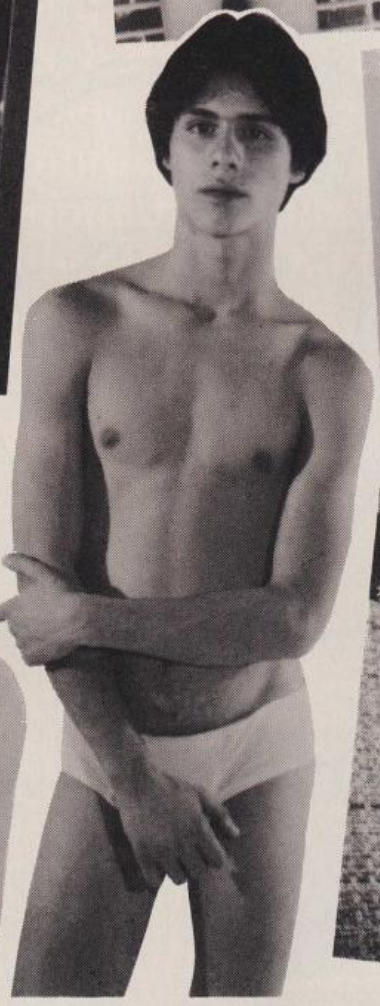
His cock arced out from his abdomen and swung slightly as he moved toward me, its base still entrapped by the black leather band. When he was right in front of

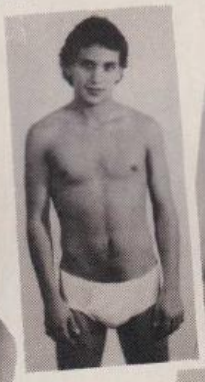
Continued to page 40

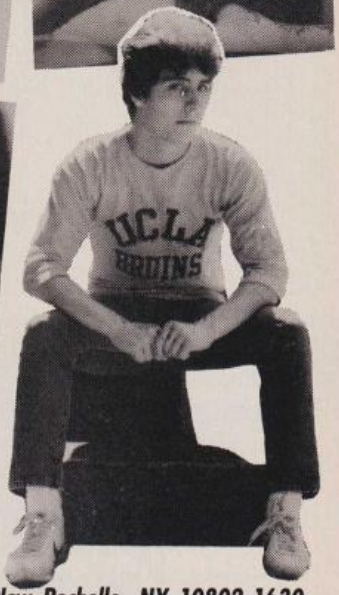
THE FUNTIME! PREVIEW TAPE











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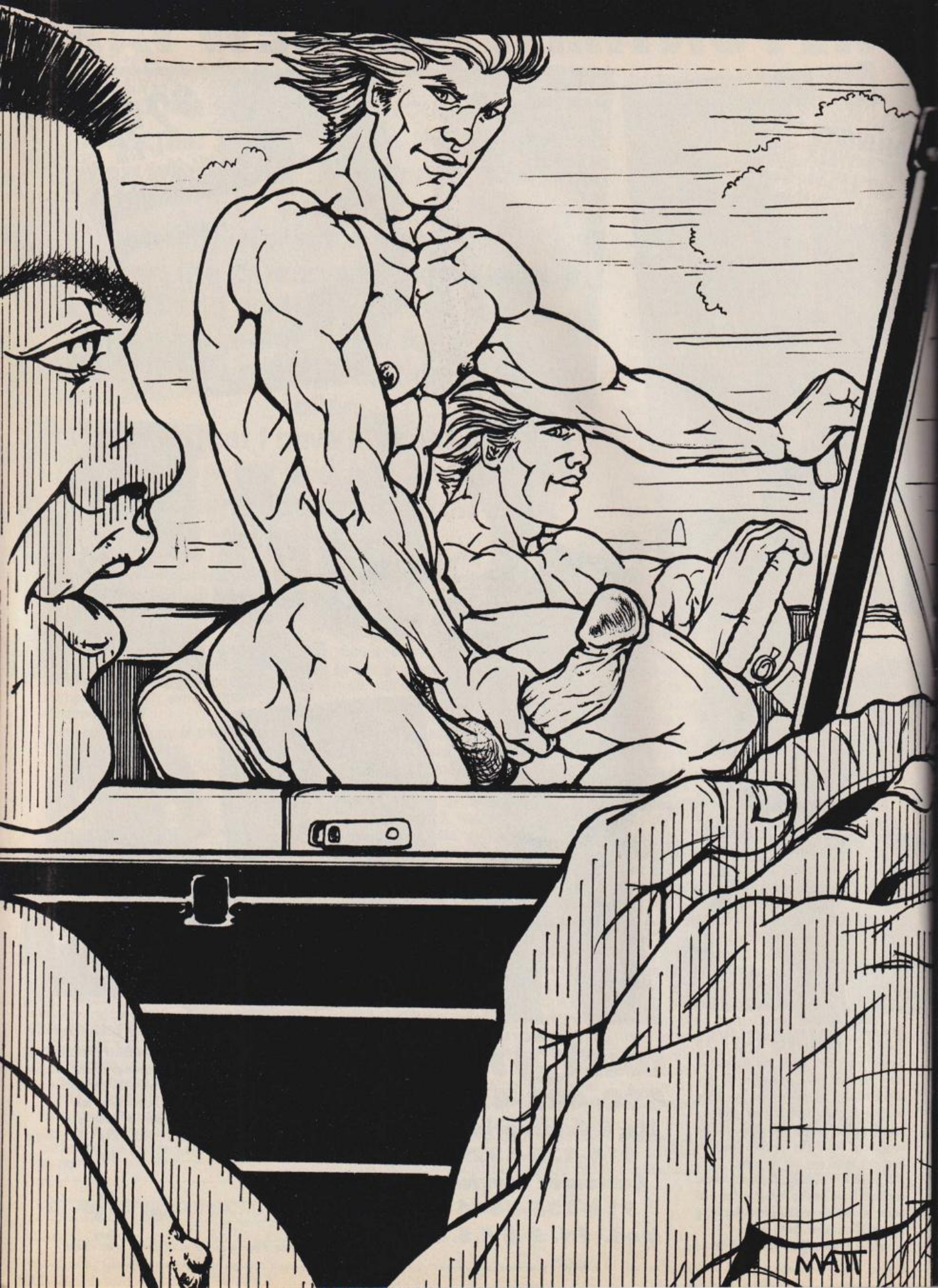

MATT

I was on my way back to my hometown. My mind was filled with reveries about Paul, my best friend from high school. I loved him so much that I'd almost grown to hate him. Because I couldn't have him . . . The sound of a car horn brought me back to reality. Two teenaged boys were speeding up to me in an old, beat-up Mustang convertible. They were both blonds, both shirtless and sexy. I was delighted to see that the passenger was entirely naked. With one hand he held onto the windshield frame, with the other he was holding onto one of the biggest dicks I'd ever seen.

DEEP & HOT

BY JAY HARPER • ART BY MATT

The one person I did not want to see on this trip was Paul Brogan. There was no reason I should have expected to see him; I hadn't run into him since our ten-year class reunion, and that was five years before. But it seemed that every time I went back to my hometown, his name always came up in conversation, no matter who I talked to. Sometimes I would just miss him by a few minutes at the Donut Shoppe or the Piggly Wiggly and someone would remark, "Paul Brogan was just here," as if I were supposed to break into a tap dance at the mention of his name. Hometowns demand that natives maintain at least the image of friendship-for-life with each other.

I would always respond with mild surprise—"Oh, really? I'll have to go by for a visit"—but of course I never had any such intentions. I had decided at the class reunion that Paul Brogan was to remain a memory only, a picture in the yearbook, a small, nagging pain in the gut. Avoiding him in the flesh during my visits back home became a perverse little game, doubly pleasurable because he knew nothing about it.

I'd been dreading this trip a whole hell of a lot. It was one of the hottest summers on record, and in the Deep South that means the kind of "deep heat" that seeps into your pores and permeates your entire body. The drive so far had been like a nine-hour sauna bath. My chop-top and shorts were sopping, and the vinyl upholstery against my spine and under the backs of my legs was slimy with sweat.

The only thing to do in sweltering weather like this is to give in to it—which is to say strip naked and jump into a lake—or to transform one kind of heat into another—which is to say find a willing man and jump on him. I'd passed one or two interesting-looking hitchhikers along the way, but I didn't want to take a chance on picking up some asshole who just wanted to rob me or do a quick fag-bash. I decided to take matters into my own hands, so I started rubbing my crotch. Soon my cockhead was peeking out from the left leg of my shorts. I reached under the waistband, cupped my balls, and juggled them around in my hand. My cock was rock-hard now and beginning to ache from being penned in, but at least my mind was no longer on the humidity.

The sound of a car horn abruptly brought me back to reality. In the rear-view I could see two guys speeding along behind me on the interstate, waving and shouting from an old, white Mustang convertible. They were both blonds, both high-school-age, both shirtless, both sexy. When the passenger stood up in the seat, I was delighted to see that he was completely naked. With one hand he held on to the windshield frame; with the other he was holding on to one of the biggest dicks I'd ever seen. He could just get his hand

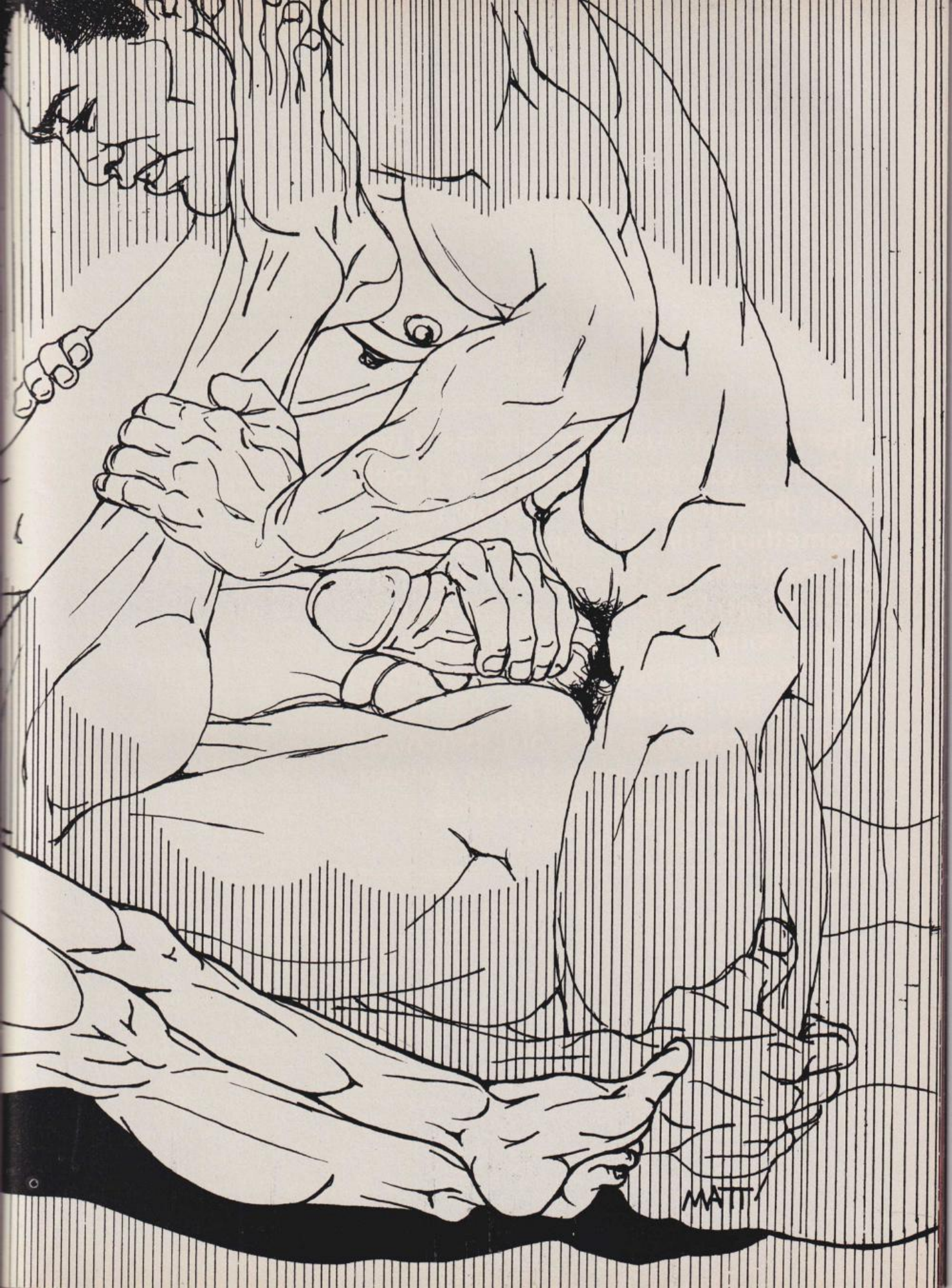
around the base; the shaft stood up way past his navel.

At the same time that the passenger started pounding on his meat, the driver sped up the car and pulled up even with me to my left. Which meant that that ten-inch cock was glistening in the sunlight no more than a foot away from my face. A real hot scene, right? Hot in a good way, right? I could easily reach over there and help him with the pumping. He was inviting me to do so, right? I reached.

"Cocksucker!!" they both yelled, their faces distorting into hideous fag-baiter grins. Then, horn blaring, they sped away, both turning back to give me the finger before the car disappeared down an exit ramp.

At least I knew my journey was just about over. I was almost home, all right. And nothing had changed.

When I pulled into town, it was about six o'clock and, blessedly, beginning to cool. That was enough to restore my mood to


MATT

slightly better than neutral. The incident on the interstate was pretty much forgotten—homophobia is something you live with every day, of course, so you get used to it. Then it happened.

Just as I pulled up to a stop sign on my way to my parents' house I heard an all-too-familiar voice call out, "Hey, Jay, wait a minute!" Murphy's law had caught up with me: it was Paul.

He was standing in the driveway of a house where I didn't know he lived. Bad enough that after a decade and a half of successful avoidance I should encounter him the moment I rolled into town. Then I looked over at him—and I nearly burst into tears.

He was washing his car, naked except for white Speedos and topsiders, his tan skin glowing in the late sun. Somehow after all these years of pining away for him, he was even more beautiful and sexy than I remembered. The hair on his chest was thicker than when we were in high school and tapered into a thin line that disappeared beneath the waistband of his trunks, where the pouch was straining to hold his bulging cock. Swollen in the heat, it pointed to the left, its under-ridge revealed through the thin, wet fabric.

As he jogged up to the car, he shook his dripping hair and ran his left hand through it, in a characteristic way that I had never forgotten. He offered his right hand to me. "Jay, it's been so long. You still in Chicago?"

"Yeah. Just back for a weekend with the folks."

Paul bent over and lay his folded arms along the top of the car door. "That's great. Did you just get here?"

He was smiling brightly with those near-perfect teeth, and I could feel myself getting hard again as I looked up into his deep-blue eyes. I was in love all over again—and determined not to show it. "Yeah, as a matter of fact I haven't even gotten to my parents' house yet."

"Look, I don't wanta keep you then. But once you get settled, come over for a drink. You look like you could use a good, cold beer. Your folks still teetotalers?"

"'Fraid so. And after that drive I feel like an old dish rag."

"So come by."

"Maybe I will."

"No maybe's."

"If you insist. See you in an hour or so."

As Paul stepped back from the car to let me drive away, his crotch was at eye level. Take it easy, I cautioned myself, and drove away.

Fortunately, my parents were not at home when I arrived, so I let myself in with my key, unpacked, stripped, showered, shaved, and dressed, and was out the door in 20 minutes flat. Another five minutes and I was at Paul's front door. I started to knock, but through the little window in the door I saw something that stopped me cold. It was Paul walking bare-assed down the hall toward what looked like the den. One hand was at his side, but the other remained in front of him as he walked. When he turned to sit on the sofa, I could see his hand working up and down that big, greased-up cock. After a few minutes, he lay his head back, stretched his legs out, pinched a nipple, and shot a long stream of man-juice onto his face and chest.

Then I knocked.

The look on Paul's face was priceless. It was a cruel thing to do, but I just couldn't let the opportunity pass me by to shake up this hopelessly straight, lifelong object of my unrequited affections. He could see it was me at the door, I guess, because all of a sudden his face lit up with this big jock grin. He bounded off the couch, grabbed a towel from the bathroom, wiped his face, and swaggered toward me, his still-swollen dick bouncing as he walked.

"Would you believe it if I said I wasn't expecting you quite so soon?" he chuckled as he opened the door, red-faced. His cum was trickling through his chest hairs and down his tight belly.

"When you're hot, you're hot," I offered, in my best casual, one-of-the-boys, locker-room tone.

"You gotta whack it till you crack it—remember that one?"

"Yeah. I remember. Could I ask you a question?"

"Sure."

"Could I come in?"

"Oh, yeah. Right. Of course, of course. Come in."

It was clear I'd shaken him up a bit. I was glad.

"You know how it is, Jay. We're not kids anymore, but when you're horny you just gotta beat that stick till it spits. Let's go into the kitchen so I can clean up."

Paul had always been shamelessly sexual in school—horsing around in the locker room, always the first with his shirt off on the playing field, the first to pull his jeans down and shoot the moon at passing cars on the interstate—just like the boys who'd passed me this afternoon, except that Paul was never arrogant or mean with his exhibitionism. It was natural and fun for him. I guess that's why I fell so helplessly in love with him; why, in all the years between then and now, no one else had ever measured up to him; why, unable to have him, I had come to resent him and his power over me so deeply that I had avoided him like the plague.

The plague. . . . Considering what was going on with the AIDS epidemic, in terms of renewed and intensified anti-gay sentiments, Paul—having remained all these years in our reactionary home town—would probably be the typically hardened ex-jock by now. No use in my fantasizing otherwise.

Still, it was hard not to fantasize as I watched him shamelessly wiping the cum

After years of frustrated dreams, I was at Paul's front door. I started to knock, but through the little window I saw something that stopped me cold. It was Paul walking bare-assed down the hall. When he turned and sat on the sofa, I could see his hand working up and down that big, greased-up cock. After a few minutes, he lay his head back, stretched his legs out, pinched a nipple, and shot a long stream of man-juice onto his face and chest. Then I knocked.

MATT

off his chest. "Paul, when did you get this place? I thought you had that little house behind your parents."

"I did. But it was just too close. I felt like I was still living at home. They never bothered me, but I just didn't have enough privacy, if you know what I mean."

"So now that you have your privacy, I'll bet you keep the doors swinging both ways," I teased.

"Both ways?"

"You know, in and out, lined up around the block, on call, little black book and all that stuff."

"Oh. Oh, yeah. To tell you the truth, I see a few people now and then, but it's still kinda hard to arrange around here. I do a lot more out of town. Fortunately, I get to travel some in my job."

People. Why did he say *people*? But I didn't ask that. "You seeing anyone regularly? Got a girlfriend or anything?"

"Not even an 'anything.' It's been pretty slow lately."

The sexually noncommittal repartee was getting on my nerves—particularly because the longer it went on, the stronger the possibility that maybe, just maybe. . . I had to know if this man was available. And there was only one way.

"So you never got married?"

"Well, no, I. . ." He hesitated and looked away from me. Although he had finished cleaning up, he continued to run the towel slowly over his chest. He didn't speak for a few minutes, and in the quiet of the late afternoon I could hear his breathing becoming heavier and more staggered. Then he began to shiver. Then he began to sob.

"Paul?"

He didn't answer. I reached out to touch his shoulder, but before I made contact, he turned to me, his face tear-stained and contorted. He blurted out, "Jay, please don't hate me," and with that he fell into my embrace, weeping loudly and uncontrollably. He wrapped his arms tightly about me and buried his face in my neck. All I could do in my shock was hold him. I had no idea what was wrong—it could be a million different things. But why did he think I might hate him? How could he think that, of someone who loved him so much. But of course, he didn't know that.

"I. . . I'm sorry, Jay, I can't help it. I can't help any of it. I'm so sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry for, Paul. I'm your friend, I want to help you. What is it?"

"You can't help. And you won't understand."

I held him until his sobbing subsided. Then he raised his head and gazed into my eyes.

"Jay, I'm 33 fucking years old and I've been around the block a few times, but right now I feel like I'm back in high school. I guess a part of me will always be there."

"Same here. It was a good time. No reason to be ashamed about a little nostalgia."

"Nostalgia's what you feel about the way things were, about what happened. What I feel is. . .well, it's completely different." He eased out of my arms and sat down in a kitchen chair. "Jay, I was about to get married once. Linda Hartley. Remember? The cheerleader? This was maybe ten years ago. A few days before the wedding we were at my old place, packing to move. I'd kept this journal ever since I was about 15 or so. I should have put it in a safe deposit box at the bank, but I just never did. Linda read some things I'd written during junior year and she had a fit. That was it for me and Linda. She married somebody else eventually and moved to Oregon or some place. I hear she's got three kids now. . . ." His voice trailed away. He was staring out the window, a heartbreakingly melancholy look in his eyes—after ten years?

"I'm sorry, Paul, but it's been so long. Don't you think it's time you—"

"Ten years, and that—such as it was—is the last serious relationship I've had."

"Why?"

He looked at me and started to answer. Then he turned away again. I moved behind him and began to rub his shoulders, the way I used to do in the locker room after football games; he always said nobody else could do it better.

He leaned back and relaxed into the massage. "Jay, this is real hard for me. We weren't all that close in school—not really—just friends from sports and such—so you may not be able to handle what I'm about to tell you. All we ever were was jock buddies, I guess, but. . . please don't hate me."

"I won't hate you, Paul."

After one final hesitation he began. "What Linda read in the diary, it was about you."

I kept on rubbing his shoulders. "Me?"

"Yeah. You. In the journal I'd written that every time I thought about you, this was what happened." He nodded toward his crotch. His cock was fully erect. "As you can see, it *still* happens. I get so hot for you I get hard like a pipe. That's what Linda read. I was so hurt when you moved that I tried to marry the cunt just to forget you. I know it must be hard for a straight guy like you to understand, but if you could just try, it would mean so much to me. There's so much to—"

"Paul—"

"—to explain. I'm *not* ashamed—"

"Paul, stop."

"—of being gay—actually a lot of people around here know but just don't talk about it, trying to sweep it under—"

"Paul, you don't have to explain anything."

"—under the carpet. I don't care about them. But I do care—God, how I care about—"

"I'm not straight."

"—about you!"

"I'm gay, for chrissakes!"

Finally, I'd got through to him. He was silent for a moment, then he reached up and laid his hands on mine, which were still caressing his shoulders. He gripped them tightly, and he began to cry. But this time it was a different kind of crying.

"Oh, God, Jay. I can't believe it. I just can't believe it. Why didn't you ever tell me?"

"Just stupid, I guess. Like you. I can't believe it either. All these years of torture, loneliness, longing. All these stupid, pointless, wasted years."

"When you came to the door, I was jacking off because of seeing you. Jay, I—"

"Shhh. . . don't talk. Just lean back and relax." I resumed the massage. My hands worked from his shoulders to his hard, bulging biceps to his strong, smooth back. I trailed my fingers lightly to his chest. His nipples were erect and hard. I rubbed and pinched them. Paul shivered with pleasure. My cock was stretching my flimsy running shorts to the limit. I didn't even have on a jockstrap, so I was making quite a tent. I reached down to adjust myself, and I saw Paul reach for his own big dick.

"Let me do that for you."

I shucked my shorts and moved around in front of him, my balls tight in their sac, ready to blow. I crouched down in front of him, bent over, and gently took his pulsating cockhead between my lips. As I slid down the huge shaft, Paul moaned and cupped my face in his hands, letting his fingers stroke the junction of my mouth and his dick. I swallowed more of him. When I reached the base, I had to work hard to relax and open my throat enough to get all of him in. I stayed that way for a moment, my nose buried in his thick, cum-caked bush, accumulating the spit I would need to wet down his meat.

"Oh, Jay. Oh, baby. It's even better than I dreamed."

I just grunted, my mouth and throat stuffed full of hot cock. We could talk later. I began to work faster, holding his cock at the base with one hand as I pounded my own meat with the other. Paul's cock became steel-rigid; I knew he was about to pop.

"Paul, I want you to fuck me. I've wanted that for more than 15 years."

He just nodded, wiped his eyes, choked on a smile. I stood up and turned around,

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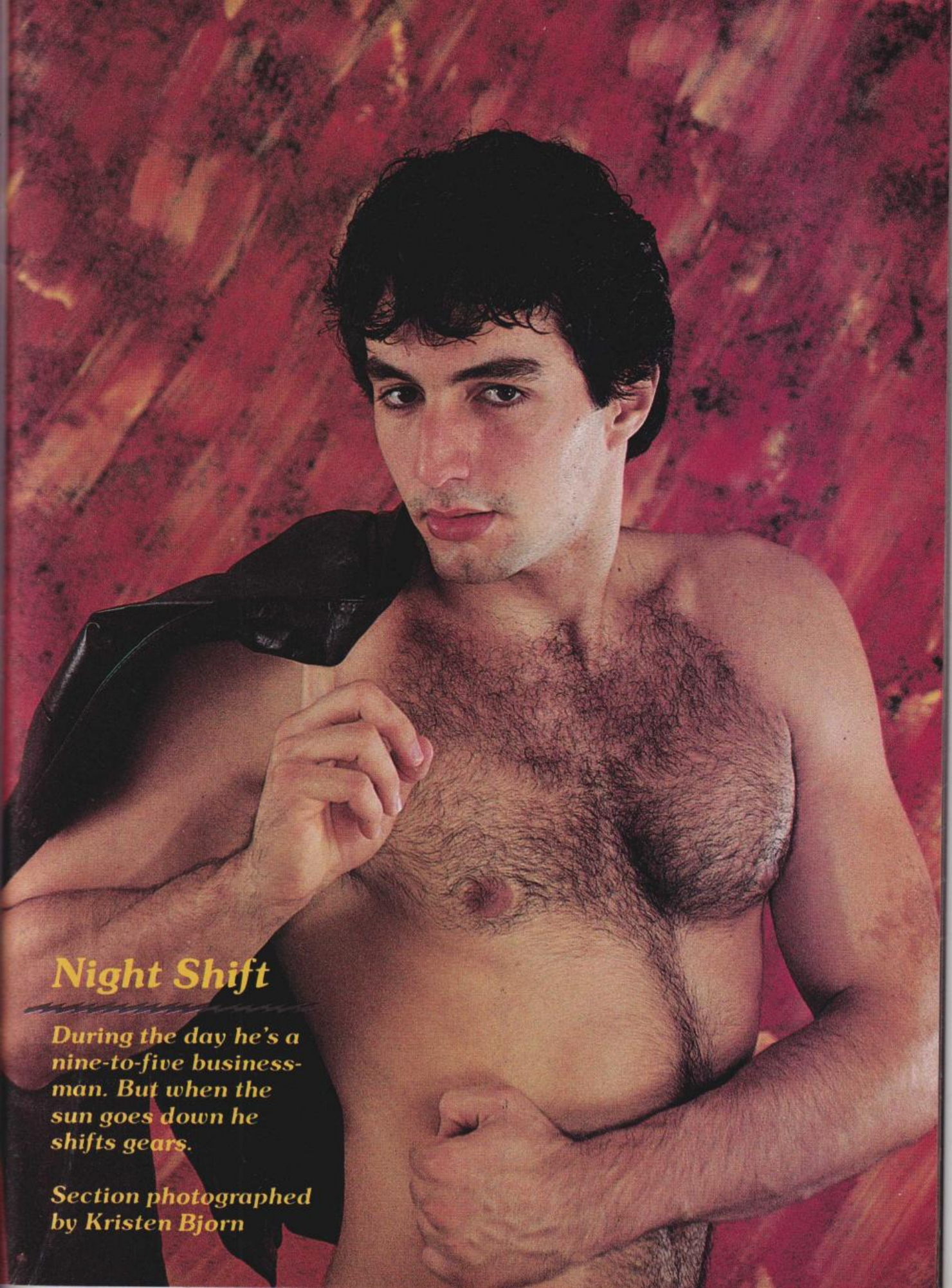
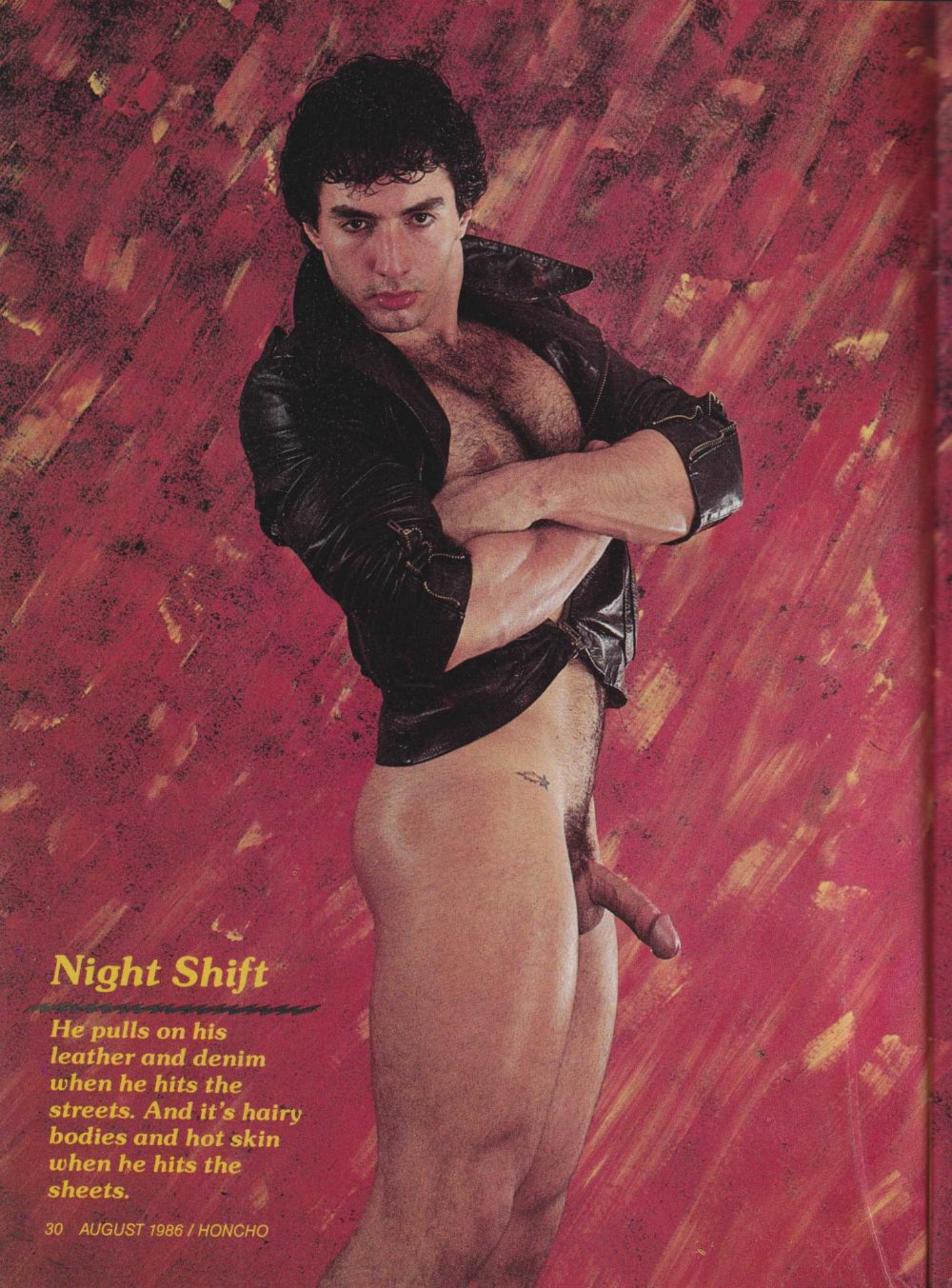


Night Shift

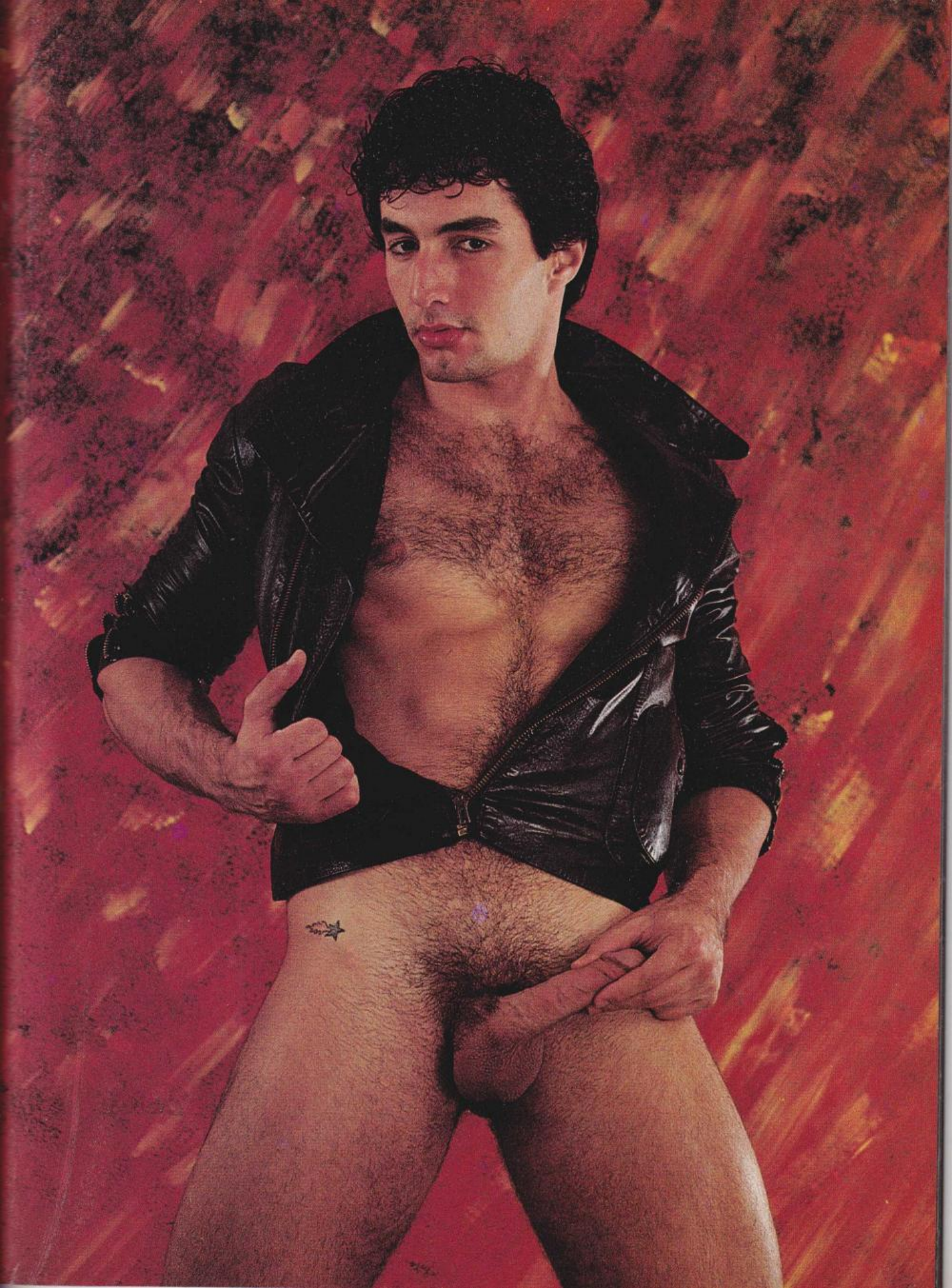
During the day he's a nine-to-five businessman. But when the sun goes down he shifts gears.

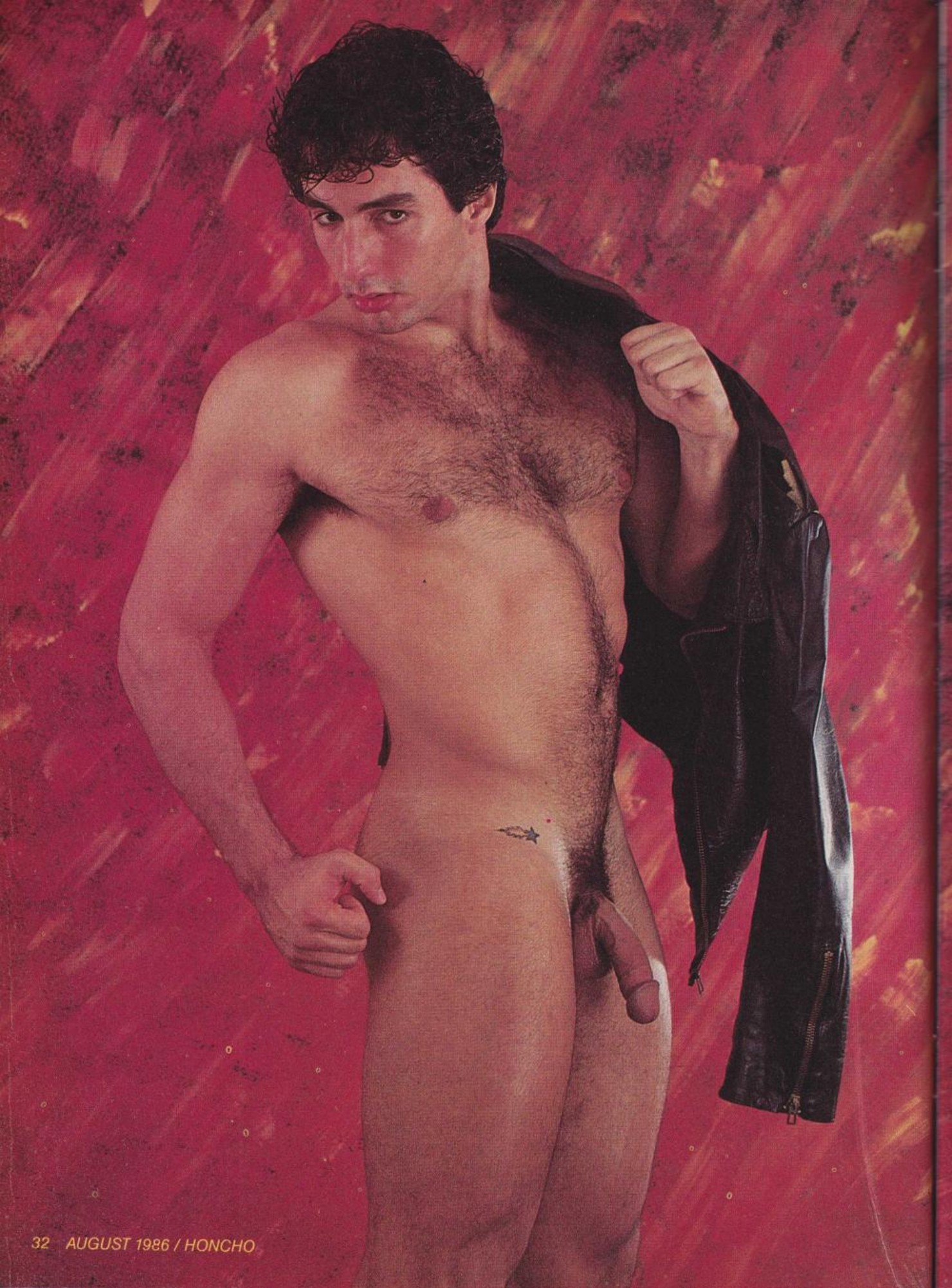
Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

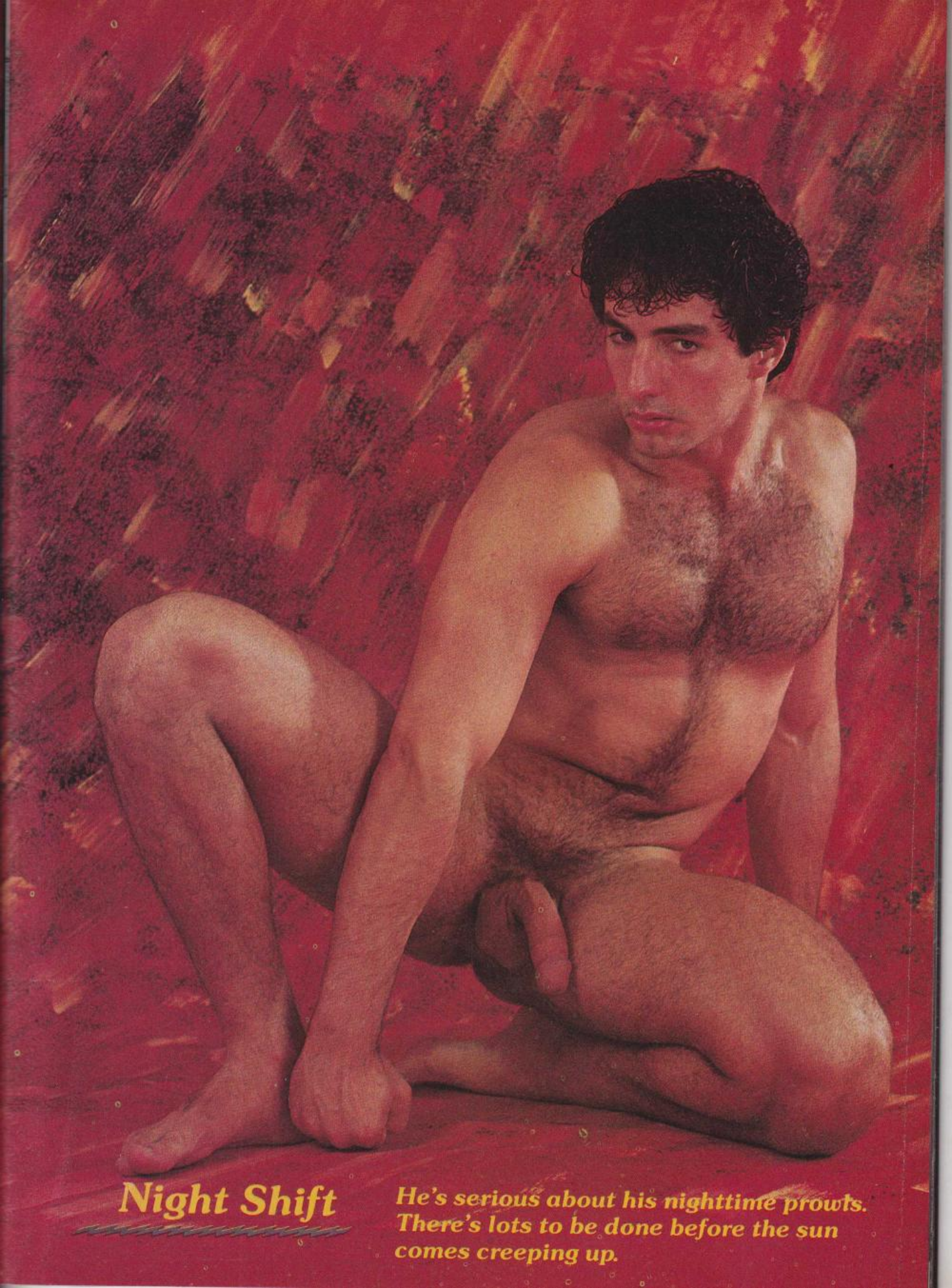


Night Shift

He pulls on his leather and denim when he hits the streets. And it's hairy bodies and hot skin when he hits the sheets.

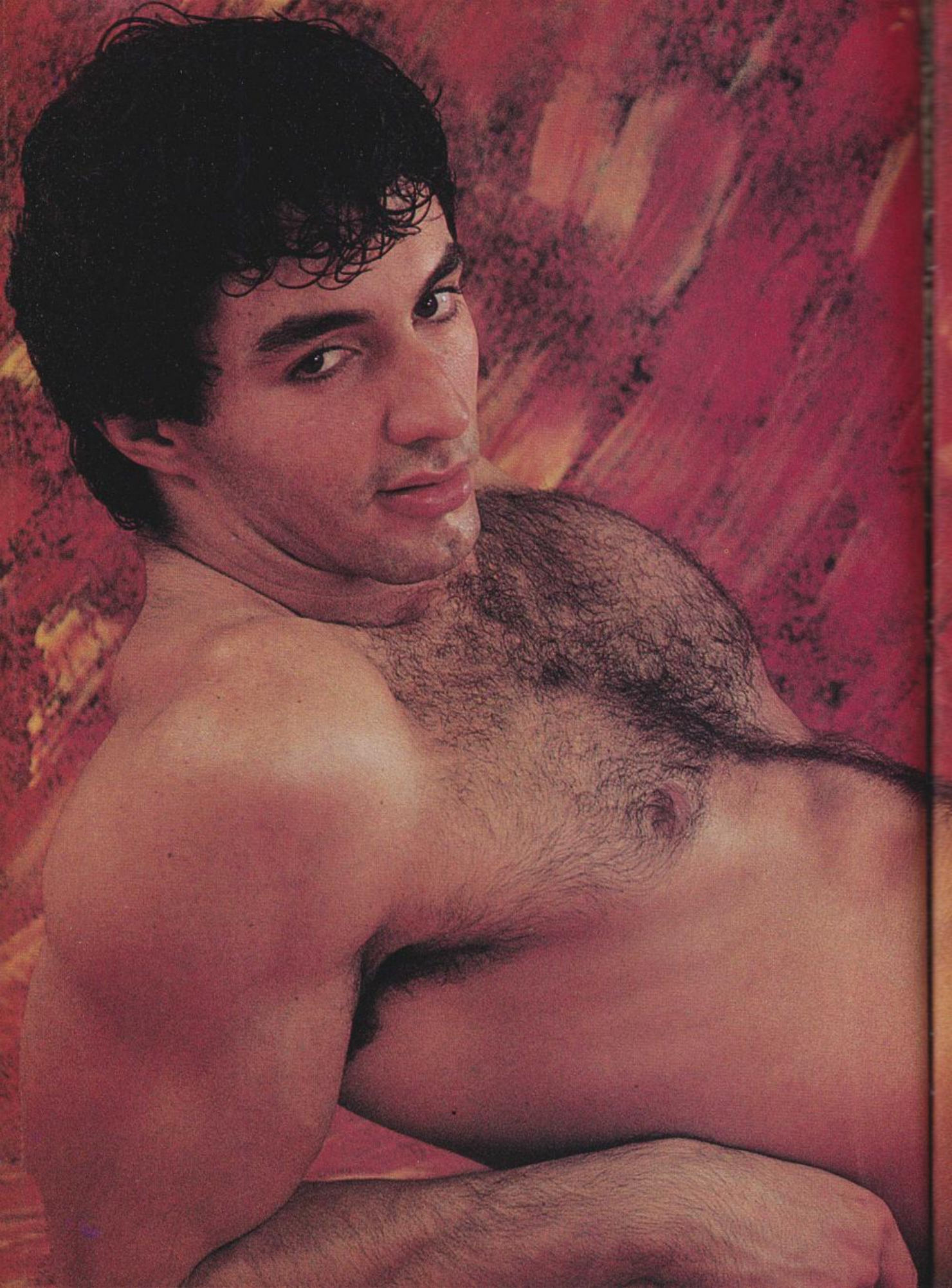


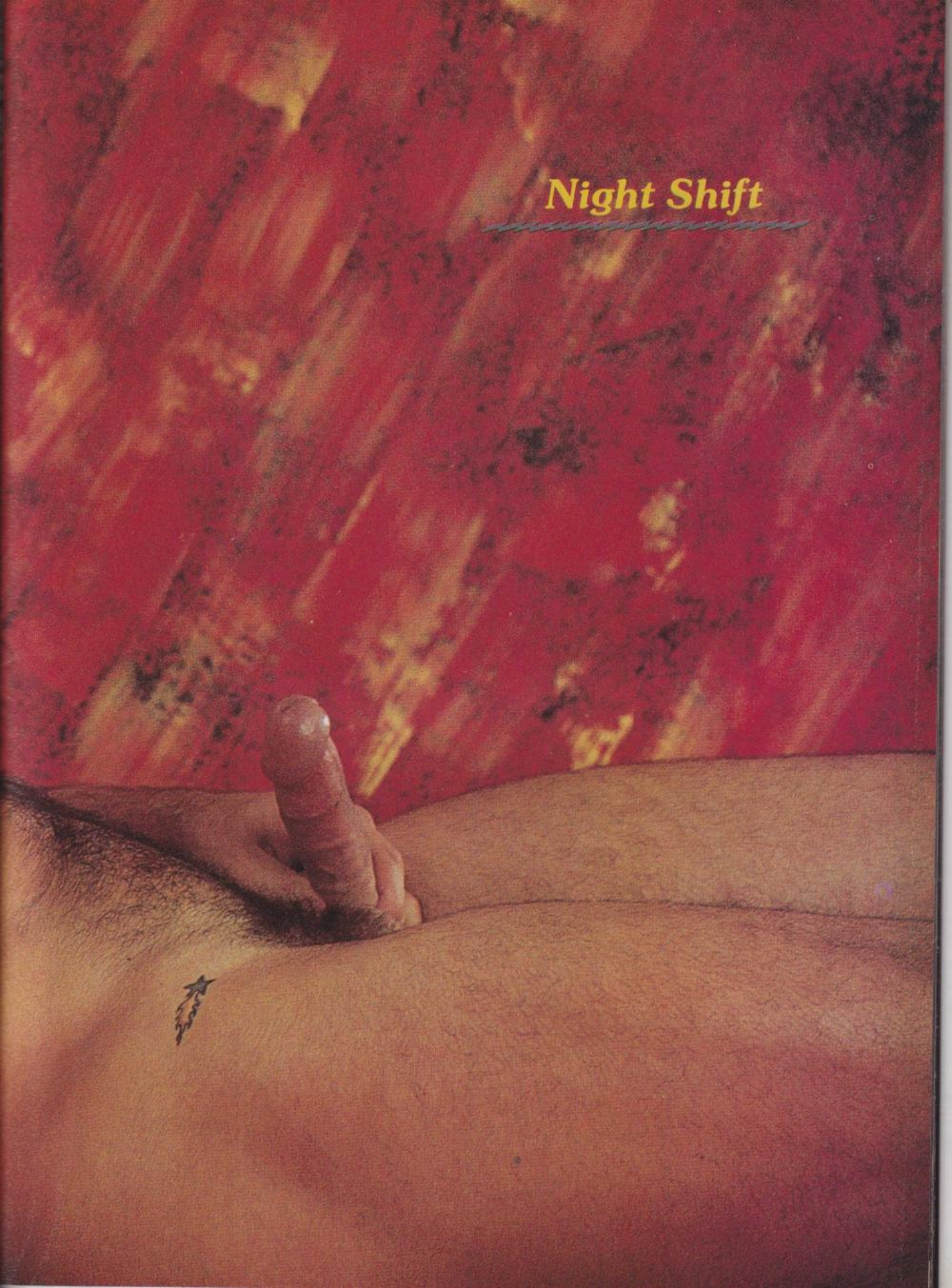




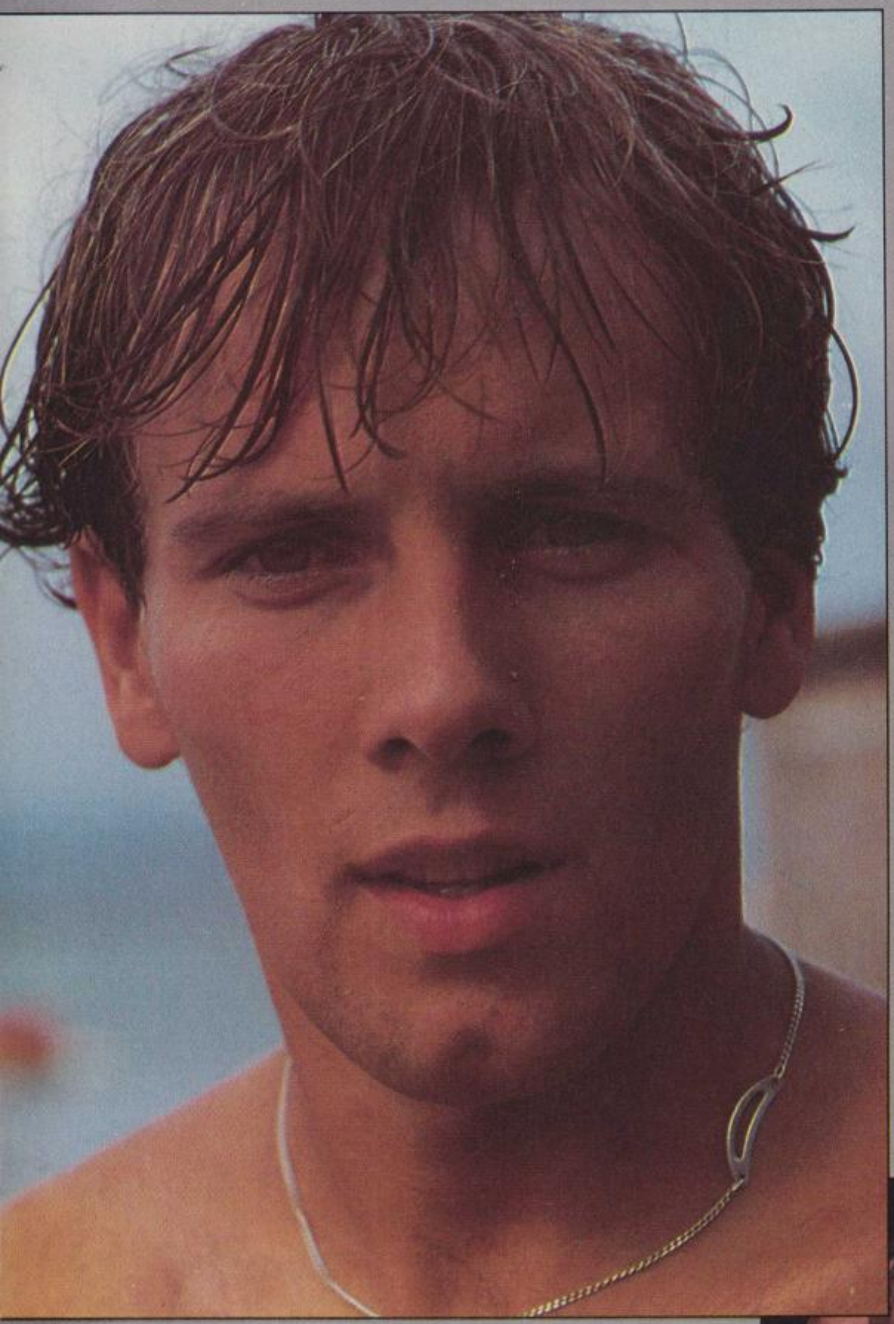
Night Shift

He's serious about his nighttime prowls. There's lots to be done before the sun comes creeping up.




Night Shift

MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS A JEAN-DANIEL CADINOT FILM



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Beach Boys: Warm-blooded youths under a sultry tropical sun. Dark muscular MacKenna rescues his new friend from the surf -- but the mouth-to-mouth contact that follows is strictly for pleasure. Down the beach, two blonds compare the bulges in their bathing straps and wrestle in the sand -- while the leather boys retire to the bushes to work out some private kinks of their own. The couples finally come together for a free-wheeling orgy that threatens to set the brush afire.

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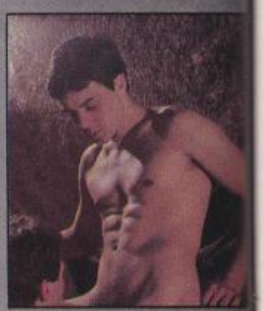

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DEEP AND HOT

Continued from page 28

reached back to position his cock, and leaned back against it. The moment Paul's cockhead touched my hole I almost shot, but somehow I managed not to. I eased myself slowly down, enveloping his rod with my ass, taking him in inch by big, fat, glorious inch. When I hit base, I immediately started rising again. I began slowly milking his dick, tightening my ass muscles on the way up, loosening on the way down. His head hit right on my prostate every time. It was a perfect fit.

Paul placed his hands on my hips and lightly rubbed my ass cheeks. He reached around and took my tool firmly in his hand and squeezed it, letting me fuck his hand while he fucked my grateful butt. I started bouncing faster and faster, sucking Paul's cock up into my gut, letting it slip almost out, then sucking it up again.

He was almost frantic by this time. His hips were moving as much as they could, but he was still sitting and the chair was in his way. I took his arm, helped him stand, and led him—his cock still installed in my asshole—to the kitchen counter. Without speaking, we adjusted ourselves to the new position. I spread my legs and reached back to pull my cheeks apart, then leaned onto the counter; Paul ran his hands along my back, gently palmed my cheeks.

"Jay, you always had the prettiest ass I ever saw. I want to fuck you good. I want you to enjoy this."

I craned my neck to turn my face toward him. "See my face?"

"Yeah . . ."

"What's it got on it?"

He grinned.

"Right. Same shit-eating grin you've got on yours. Go to it, baby. This ass has always been all yours. It's high time you claimed it."

He gave my cheeks a good, hard slap, grabbed hold of my hips, and he was off! He pounded into me fast and hard and steady, hitting square into my prostate every time. I didn't dare touch my cock for fear of an instant explosion.

Without slowing his fuck pace, he ran his outspread hands slowly up my back and around my chest. He pinched and squeezed both nipples, then cupped my pecs and stretched them toward the ceiling.

As the battering continued, I gazed out the window and remembered the first time I met Paul, the time he dumped cold water on me in the showers, the year we were lab partners and dissected frogs together, how I cried graduation night—cried because it was all over. And now. . .

Paul picked up his tempo and wrenched me back into the present. My knees started to buckle with the impending orgasm—mine and his. He pounded into me with all his force and shot his torrent into my gut. Without touching myself, I exploded, drenching the kitchen cabinets with rivulets of cum. I shivered and shook and gasped for air, while Paul shivered and shook and gasped behind me.

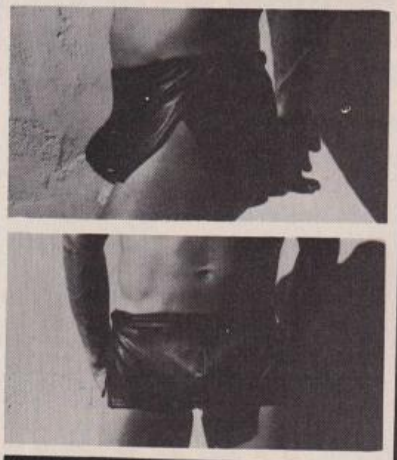
When our bodies had finally returned to normal, I slowly turned around to face him. The moment my eyes made contact with his, I fell apart. I collapsed into his arms. I wept. I babbled. On and on, I poured out the years and years and years of frustrated want and longing and love.

"Me, too, baby. Me, too. Baby, baby, baby," he purred as he stroked my hair tenderly, never once telling me to calm down, to be quiet, to stop spilling my guts. I was spilling his guts, too. It had to be done. The air had to be cleared. And it was a wondrous feeling to be clearing it, after a lifetime of being hopelessly lost in a fog of denial and regret. But it wasn't a lifetime, only part of one—and that part was over now.

Through the kitchen window, I could see the sun disappearing over the horizon, the sky blazing red and orange and turquoise, like the sunsets I remembered from childhood, full of color and fire. The old lady next door was tending her roses. The breeze played in the willow trees. The crickets were beginning their chirruping. I was where I belonged—in this town, in the house, in this man's arms.

Home at last. ■

Montgomery Leathers



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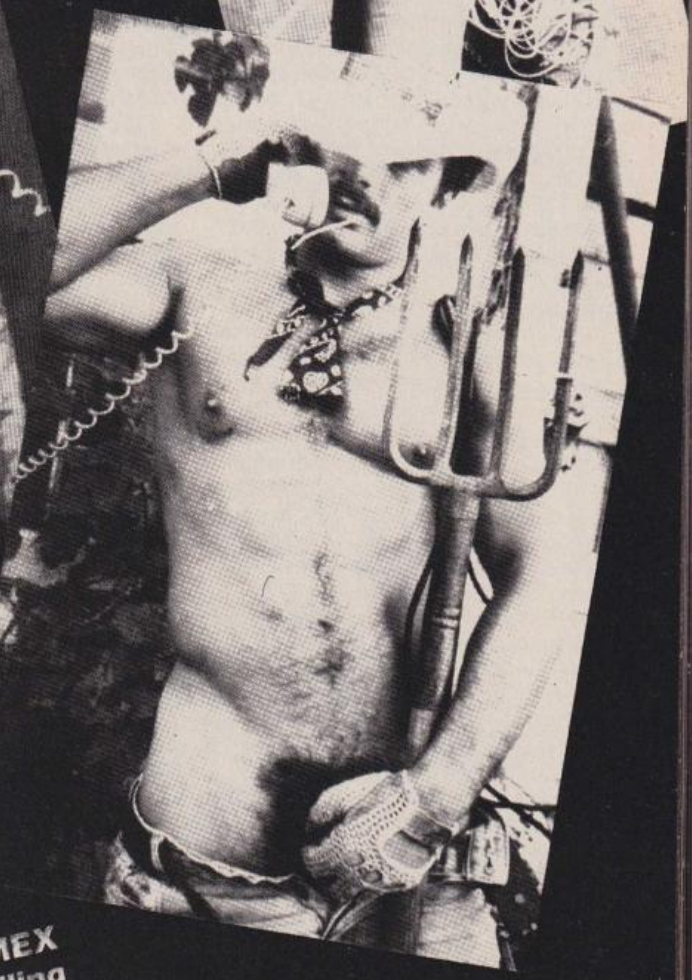

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AUDITION FOR A MUSCLE SLAVE

Continued from page 20

me, I reached up and circled the leather with my hand and applied enough pressure to make him wince.

I stood up. "Put your hands behind your neck. Spread your legs as far as you can. Hold your head up. Eyes front, immobile."

He immediately assumed the stance I'd dictated. I walked around him, running my hand along the expanse of his body. It was a work of art. He'd suffered for it. I could only imagine the hours of exertion.

I could feel ridges and valleys in his flesh that I had never seen so sharply defined in a man. I reached down and felt his buttocks. Amazing. They were as solid as most men's arms. His thighs were thick and wrapped with rope-like structures of muscle.

I came around to the front. I could feel the unnatural smoothness of his shaven chest as soon as my palm touched his pectorals. His nipples were developed as well, but I knew their enlargement had nothing to do with the gym. I pinched one a little—nothing severe, just enough to elicit a satisfying response. I looked down at his balls. They, too, were shaven.

"How do you explain this to your wife?"

"She thinks all bodybuilders do things like this, I guess, if she notices at all. We don't have a very. . . imaginative sex life."

His stomach was hard, with horizontal lines that displayed the individual muscles as boldly as a textbook illustration. But the arms were the most appealing. The mass of his biceps was incredible.

My explorations—and the distant manner with which I was making them—were really turning him on. His erection had filled out as far as it could. The arc now lifted it straight up, as it appears in some of the ancient pictures of Pan.

The tip was circumcised—always a disappointment—but it was large—a thick, purple-colored, smooth-skinned prize on the end of a long and substantial shaft. As I ran my fingers up and down its length, he closed his eyes, as though my touch was a private and exquisite torture.

I moved away from him, took off my clothes, sat back down in the chair, and spread my legs.

"Your knees."

He did it correctly. Keeping his hands behind his neck and his legs spread, he lowered himself into the space between my thighs. He was going to move in to suck me at once, but I put a hand on his forehead and stopped him. I reached inside the small black pouch that I had earlier placed by the chair and pulled out a pair of rubber-tipped clamps. He knew what they were for. His eyes dropped down in surrender.

I opened one of the clamps and put it on his left nipple. It was firm, but not viciously painful. After a while it would begin to be, if I chose to leave it on long enough. I attached the second clamp to his right tit.

He was used to clamps—I was sure of that—but he wasn't used to what came next. I took out two small bells from the pouch. Each one was attached to a tiny ring which matched a small hook on the end of the nipple clamps. I put them on him. As soon as I let go, the bells rang softly. He studied them for a moment, then closed his eyes. His forehead tightened into a frown, and his body actually seemed to shake slightly. Through clenched teeth he said, "I hate the bells."

I reached down and tapped one of them with my forefinger.

"You've spent all this time to create a body someone else might appreciate, and you get upset when he does something to make you even more handsome?" My finger moved to the other side of his chest and rang the second bell. "Put your hands down."

He did, and at the same moment he opened his eyes. But he didn't look at me. Instead, he studied the little silver bells that hung from his chest. His cock was still hard. No matter how much he protested the bells, he was still tremendously turned on.

I went back into the pouch and pulled out a leather collar. I held it up in front of his face. "You're the kind of man who needs this—the symbol—aren't you?"

"Yes, sir." His voice was barely a whisper; the person who dominated an office and a wife could not loudly acknowledge the desire for a collar, of course.

"Bend your neck." I reached over and pulled the collar around the broad stalk. After I'd secured the buckle, I sat back again. My cock was hard and resting flat against my body. This time, when he looked up, his eyes focused on my erection. He ran his tongue across his lips.

"What does it mean to you—the collar?" I was calmly stroking myself only inches from his face.

"That. . . that I have no control. That I have to do what you say. That you are my master and I must follow your orders." He was speaking in that husky whisper again, his tone almost religious, and utterly humbled. He was only a naked man on his knees, a collar around his neck, his cock hard, his body available.

I pulled out a wrapped condom and handed it to him. He studied it for just a moment, then carefully opened the foil and pulled out the latex. He looked at me, silently requesting permission to continue. I nodded. He reached up and put the condom on the tip of my cock, then very slowly and very reverently pulled it down over the shaft. When he was done, he sat back on his haunches and stared at my erection. The movement set the bells off again, but he hardly seemed to notice.

I reached down, took hold of the base of my cock, and pointed it directly at him. "Suck it. Carefully."

He moved very slowly to his task. He was out to impress me, and to savor the moment. He kept his jaw as open as possible, and the whole length of my meat slid inside him. After a few seconds he moved back, his mouth now tightly wrapped around the head.

"Don't you dare let it slip out." I moved my hands to his chest and jiggled the little bells. This must have created some real discomfort, if not actual pain. He began to twist a bit from side to side, and low groans escaped from his chest.

I kept a hand moving on one of the bells and reached down to his crotch with the other. I was so close to him now that the thick hair on top of his head brushed against my own naked chest. I found him still rock-hard, and he was beginning to drip fluid. I grabbed hold of the thick shaft and roughly twisted it first one way and then another: more, louder groans from the weightlifting pillar of the community.

But it wasn't until I grabbed the metal-lined cock ring that he really began to show the effects of pain.

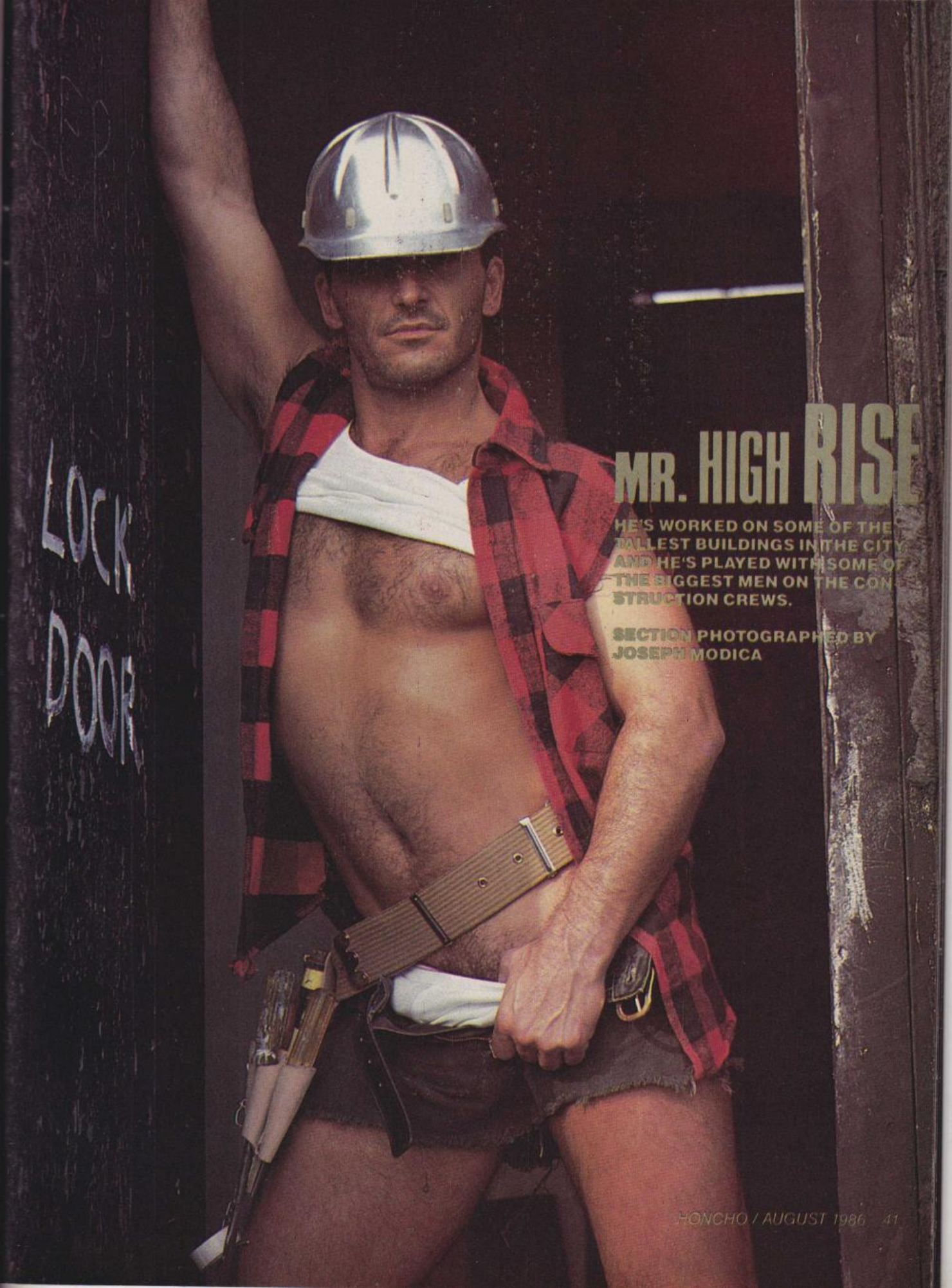
His mouth opened wide and he gasped repeatedly. But he stayed there, my rigid cock held securely in the center of his mouth. He overcame the pain and returned to his task, once again enveloping my entire erection with his throat.

I released my hold on the cock ring and on the bell and sat back. I studied him as he returned to his task undistracted. His head was moving quickly, the movements of his tongue in sync with his thrusts. His hands were still at his sides, but once he understood that I intended to enjoy the pleasures of his body passively, he moved them up to cup my testicles and hold them close to my torso.

The sight of his powerful back was magnificent. And I could see the meaty mounds of buttocks resting on his heels. It was visually perfect, and the bells provided the perfect musical accompaniment.

When I knew that his work was about to bring me to an orgasm, I pulled my cock from his mouth and guided his neck upwards. At first he wasn't sure what I wanted. But when the recognition came, he leapt to the duty. Somehow he knew that it was im-

Continued to page 72



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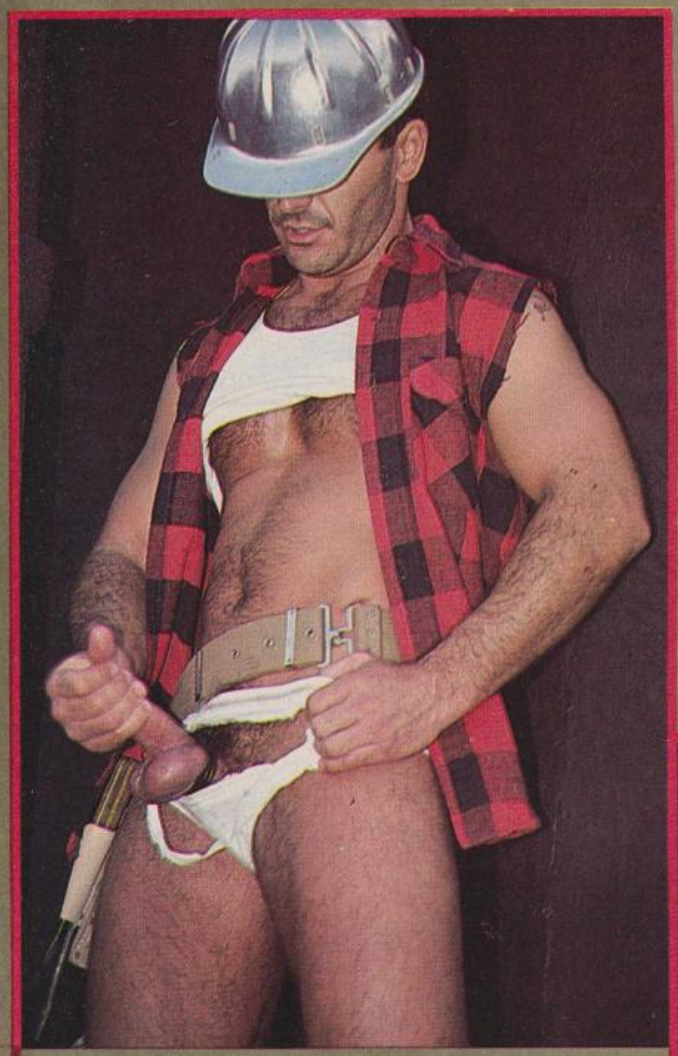

MR. HIGH RISE

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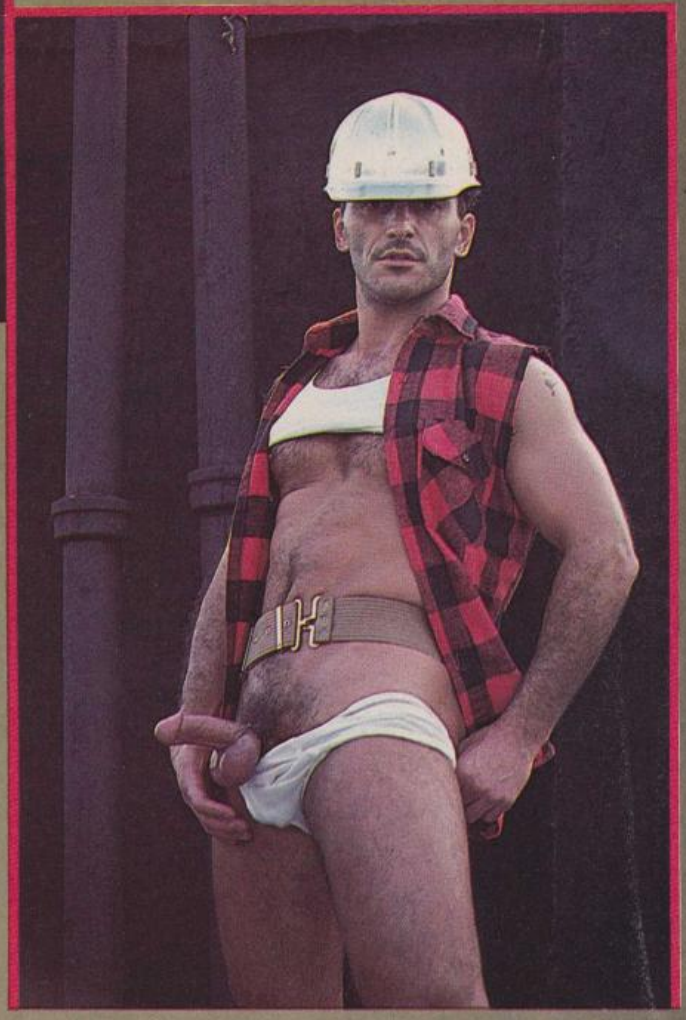
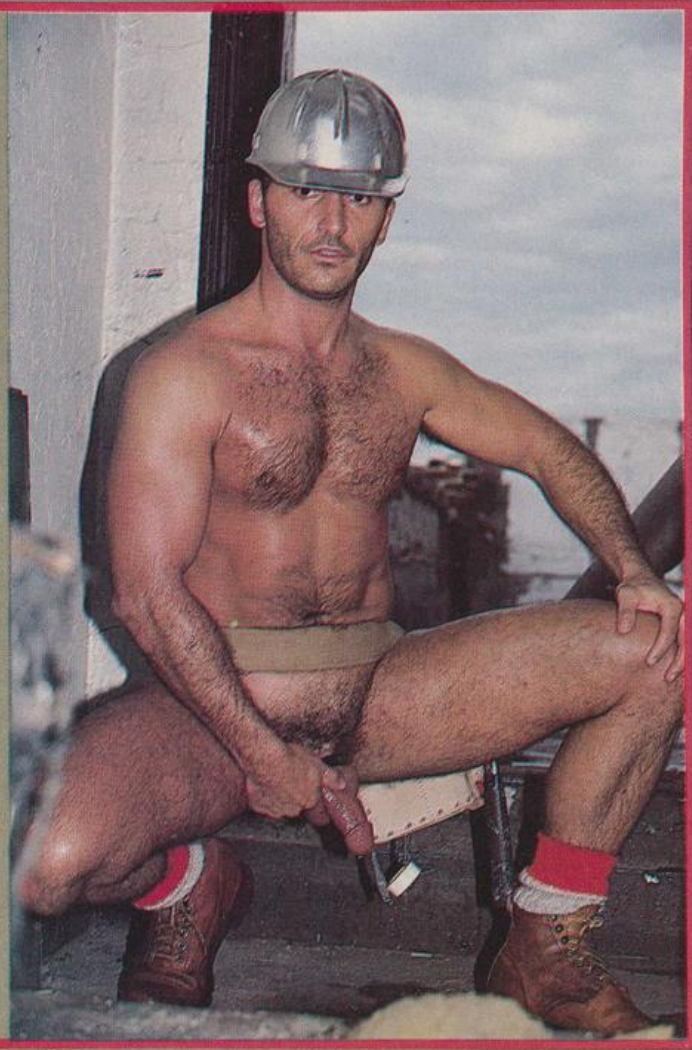
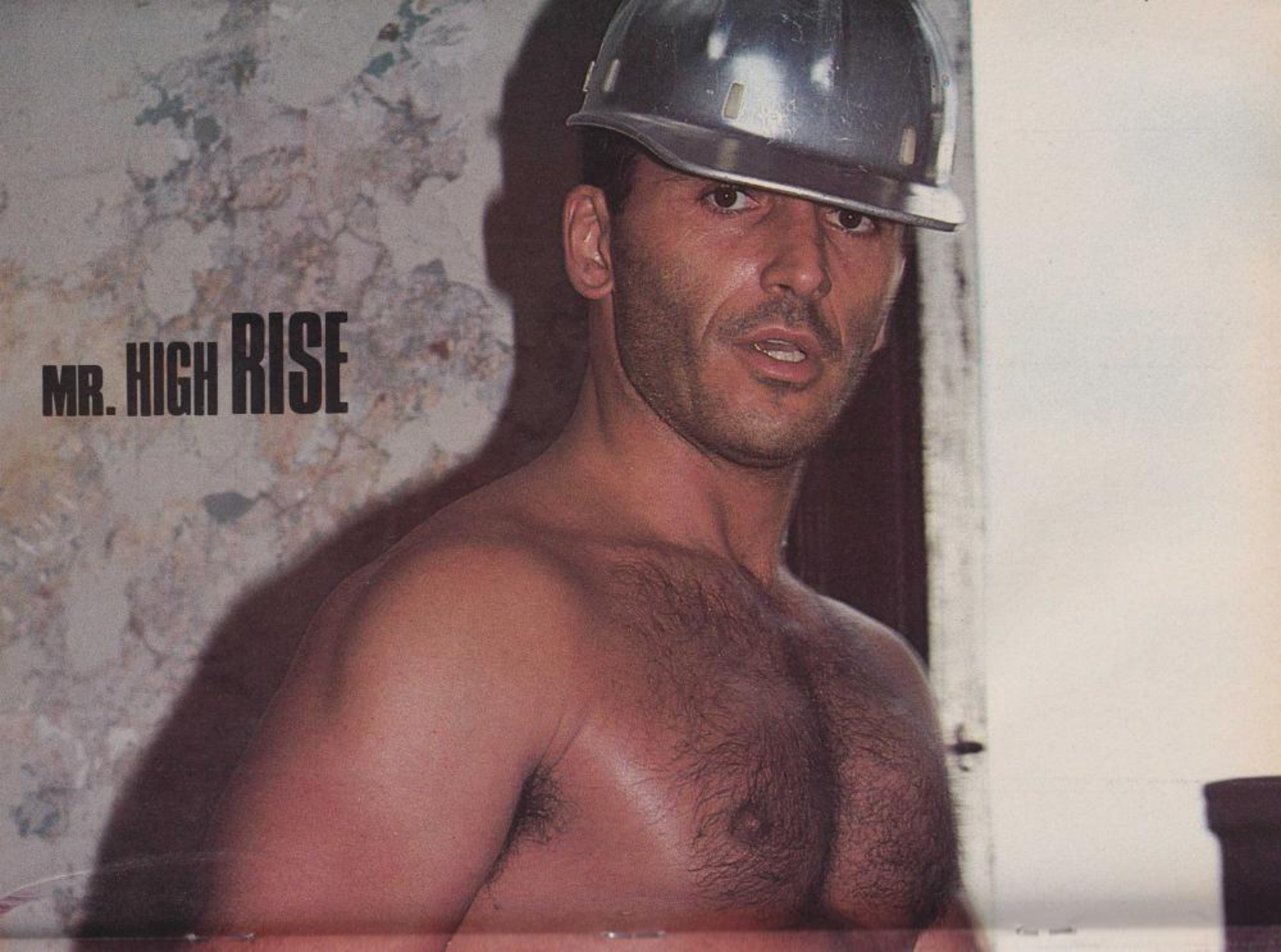
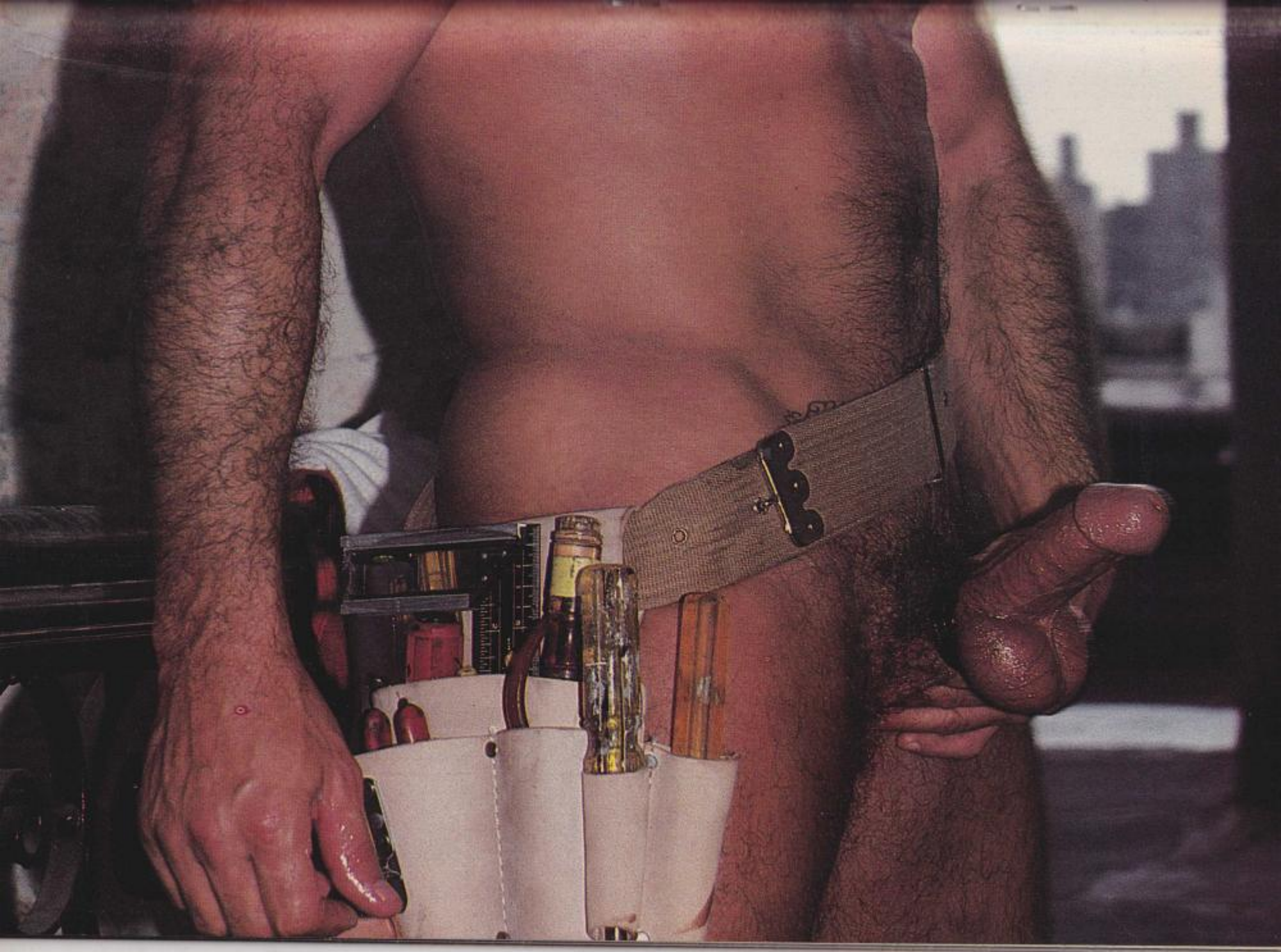


MR. HIGH RISE

HIS NICKNAME IS MR. HIGH RISE, BUT THAT DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE YEARS HE'S SPENT ON THE JOB. LET HIM TEACH YOU A FEW THINGS ABOUT GETTING THE BIG ONES UP!




MR. HIGH RISE



COME MEET MY HUSBAND

BY PUG SNIDER • ART BY SAKENOTO

Stretched out bare to the appendix scar, I had staked out my favorite lunch spot atop the tarpaper roof of the foreman's shanty. Most of the diggers lolled in the shade of the wooden walk-way that shielded the excavation site from the traffic of Wilshire Boulevard. Me? I wanted all the sun I could soak up. Besides, after a month on the job I was proud as hell of the respectable muscles and heavy shoulders I was beginning to develop. It would have taken a keen eye and a good ear to spot me as a rank amateur bluffing his way among the hardened pros on the construction gang—me, the ex-schoolteacher from Moline, Illinois.

"Hi, Pug. Mind if I join you?" The voice belonged to the roughest and toughest of them all: Zimmerman, the veteran operator of the heavy bulldozer. Before haunching down beside me, Zimmy surveyed the stream of motorists and busses and the passing parade of male and female pedestrians fascinated by the sight of a giant hole in the ground and the brawny men who work in it—particularly Zimmy himself. My companion's physique might well have been the inspiration for one of those cartoons showing a hard-hatted hunk as the target of female wolf whistles. (Remember the old days when it was the pretty stenographer who was the target of the hunky laborers' wolf whistles?)

"Brought you a piece of cherry pie, kiddo," and with that he produced a foil-wrapped slab of homemade pastry, enough for the two of us.

This sharing of Zimmy's bounty had become a sort of ritual. If it wasn't pie, it was mouth-watering cake or fantastic cookies or blueberry muffins. Never store-bought, these treats could only be the work of the "little woman" at home, I was convinced. In spite of the calories and the sedentary nature of his job astride the dozer, Zimmy's waist couldn't have been more than a 30. No gut whatsoever. Just rippling muscles and taut, youthful-looking skin that belied the years that lay behind the sunburnt face and crinkly blue eyes. You got the idea that here was a man who had been places, and had liked what he'd seen.

"Does your wife know that you're passing out all these goodies?" I was sure that my question would bring out the wallet full of snapshots of a pretty, smiling little woman and two or three happy, wholesome kids.

"Ancient history. I'd just as soon forget it." Zimmy polished off the last of his pie, loosened his belt, lay on his back with his hands clasped behind his head, and closed his eyes. "When my wife started passing out pieces of herself, that's when I packed up and headed for Hollywood."

After that, he just lay there, as if we were on a beach. Not for the first time, I took a peek at his crotch, which had swollen enough to provoke him to open his zipper and expose his jockstrap. I noticed that the latter was not regulation white, but pink. Seemed like my lunch buddy was full of surprises that day.

Before I had a chance to avert my gaze to the cloudless blue sky, Zimmy opened his eyes and shot me a not-unfriendly glance that told me he knew how long I'd been staring at his equipment. Reaching inside his gaping fly, he lazily caressed his bulge, while with his other hand he toyed with the curly blond hairs that formed a neat pattern at his throat. My eyes followed the blond trail to his nipples, down his belly, and on to where it disappeared beneath his pink supporter.

once dared to think that what I'd been wishing for from the day I met him could ever really happen. Now he was beginning to open up, and I couldn't believe I was hearing what I was hearing.

"Sure I'm married. More so that I ever was in my whole fucking life. Hank's my chief cook and bottle-washer—and the baker in the family. He's also the best thing that ever happened to me."

"Hank?" I wonder if I looked as dumb as I felt.

"Hank Anderson and I have been together nearly ten years now. He was the best crane operator in the business—till the accident. Now he operates a wheelchair."

I didn't know how to respond to this revelation, so I said nothing. I was glad when the buzzer sounded and it was time

roommate about me. The only thing that clouded my anticipation of a day at the beach with Zimmy was that this Hank might sense and resent the closeness that had been building up between his partner and me. At first I'd been afraid that my feelings were all one-sided, that Zimmy was merely being helpful to a rookie. But now. . . .

That night, back in my small room in West L.A.—halfway between the job site and Zimmy and Hank's beach cottage—I had a crazy dream. Zimmy and I were splashing around naked in the surf. He was wearing his pink jockstrap, and my own nakedness was covered only by mud that not even the salt water could remove. As we emerged onto the sandy shore, there was this huge, shiny, multi-gadgeted contraption which turned out to be a

I was flattered that Zimmerman, the tough and experienced bulldozer operator, had taken me, a rookie in the construction game, under his wing. I was puzzled; every day we ate our lunch together and Zimmy would share his home-baked desserts. But who made those goodies? His wife? "Sure I'm married," he told me. Hank's my chief cook and bottle-washer—and the baker in the family. He's also the best thing that ever happened to me."

"What you want to know, I guess, is who's the fancy baker at my house? Right?"

I shrugged and nodded, in a lame attempt to seem casual about the whole thing. It occurred to me that although he had patiently listened to my long-winded account of my own history, he had never really shared anything about *his* personal life. The job—breaking ground for yet another high-rise—was mostly what he talked about, and that had been fine with me, considering my greenhorn status with the crew. Zimmy had sort of taken me under his wing, and that had made things a lot easier than it would have if I'd been left to fend for myself.

He probably had me figured out from square one. When I really like somebody, I'm not all that good at hiding it. But I never

to climb down off our roof and join the rest of the crew. Zimmy, a topnotch dozer operator and completely sure of himself, never broke his neck getting back to the job. He took his time zipping up his fly and brushing off the crumbs, then looked directly into my eyes. "I love that guy."

As we crossed the lot, Zimmy parried a few friendly jibes. In the brief five weeks of our routine roof-top lunches, we'd come to be thought of by the other guys as something of a pair. They called us "the Beach Boys," because of our sun-worshiping. Before Zimmy headed for his dozer and I returned to the slimy depths where the caissons would be sunk, he said, "How about Venice Beach this Sunday? Hank says he wants to meet you."

"It's a date." I was flattered that he considered me important enough to tell his

wheelchair. Sitting in it, pushing buttons, grabbing levers, and flashing directional signals, was a towering giant of a man with no legs. He looked at us and announced, "Dinner's on the table. But *nobody* sits down with dirty hands!" Then I woke up. It was a bright, clear Saturday morning, totally inappropriate to even the slightest sense of foreboding.

For once my weekend would not be ending with a boring Sunday spent reading the *L.A. Times,* cruising the Boulevard, and resting up for the Monday grind. In spite of Zimmy's bond with Hank, I no longer had the slightest doubt that my friend was coming on to me. Still, Hank was a real stumper—no pun intended. How was he supposed to fit into the picture? The dream had made me uneasy, and I couldn't completely shake it.

Continued to page 73

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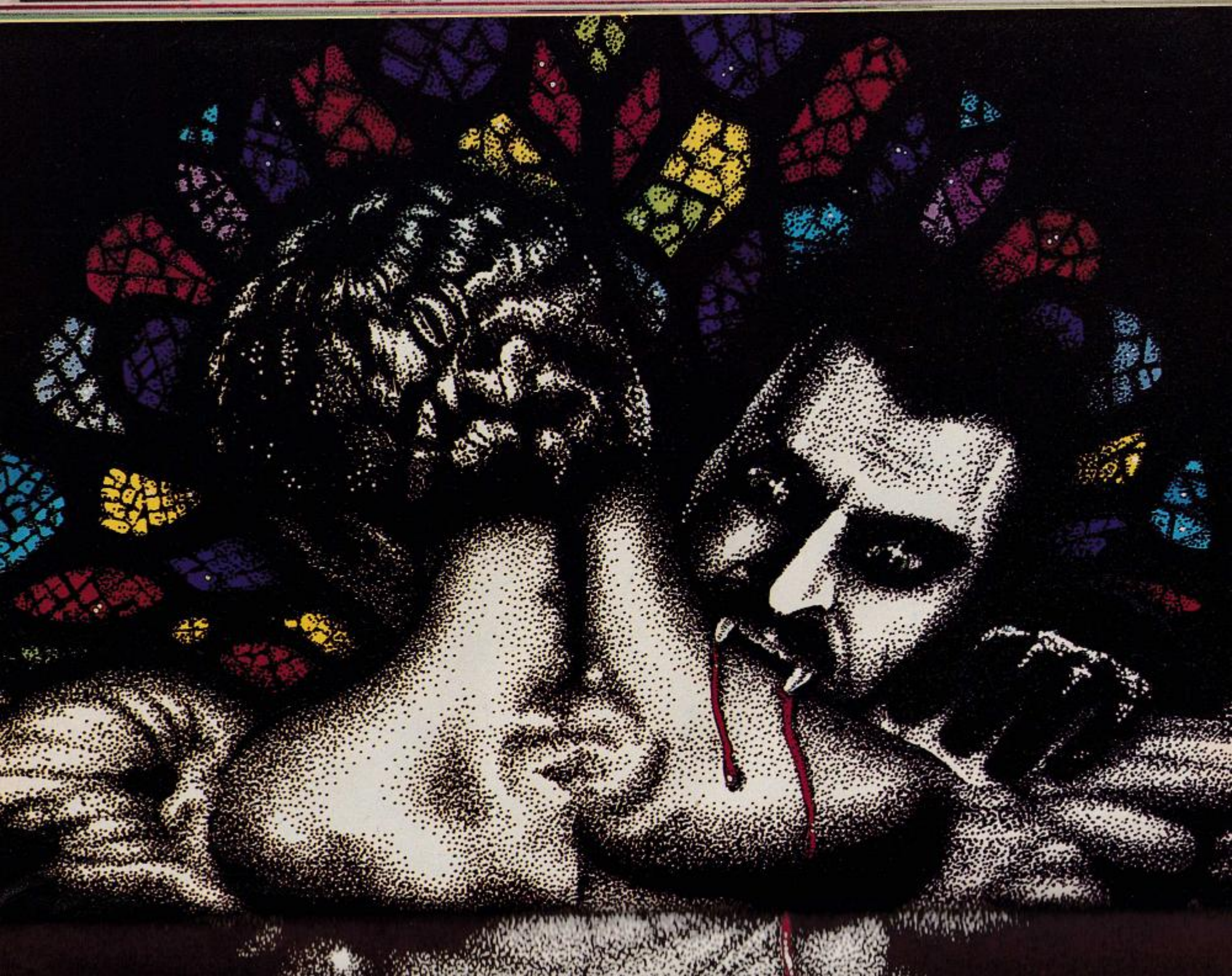


UNNATURAL SONG

by David May
Art by Alexander

When Royal left Alan for Will, saying that Will was the better bottom, the more obedient slave, Alan shaved off his beard. It had been as blond as the rest of him but very full, giving him the appearance of a mid-weight Viking. He also got a new apartment and a new phone number, and he left no forwarding address. With the beard gone, no one, at least initially, would know who Alan was, that he'd been Officer Royal Jackson's boy for something like seven years. Now he'd be no one, just a face, another slave without a Master.

For months, he had stayed a recluse, leaving his apartment on Petreo Hill only for work or groceries. Finally the need to be with a man, the need for more sensation than his own hands could provide, became overwhelming.

He put on his leather and mounted his bike. He felt naked, totally vulnerable without a collar around his neck and a Master by his side, and he was afraid. But the need to serve, to find himself in subservience, was stronger than the fear.

It was already late. Men were milling about the doors of bars, eyeing each other cautiously, looking hopefully at the fleeting figure of Alan flying down the street on his bike. He stopped near Rogers Street and wondered if he could crash the orgy he knew was taking place in a warehouse at the alley's end. Men paraded past him, each searching as he was searching, guarded in their leathers.

Alan felt naked, totally vulnerable without a slave collar around his neck and a Master by his side. He was afraid. But the need to serve, to find himself in subservience, was stronger than the fear. Then *he* appeared, unearthly and breathtaking; an unnatural kind of beauty that horrified and attracted. He was encased in leather. As some seem born to wear leather, this man seemed to have been born *in* it.

Alan contemplated going into the bar on the corner. But it was after one o'clock, he told himself, and the best were already taken. This was an excuse, of course; he was really afraid of seeing Royal, or of being seen by him. He stroked the new smoothness of his face, not moving.

Then he turned around for no reason and saw Royal coming down the street in his leather, looking like carved onyx, his face almost as black. Following behind him on a leash was Will, naked but for a pair of leather briefs, low boots, and the wide, heavy slave collar Royal insisted on. The slave's hands were bound in front of him, his head bent down. Alan felt the rush of adrenaline, the fear and the anger struggling within him. With screeching tires he began a random journey through the network of alleys that laced the neighborhood: Hattie, Natoma, Langton, Harriet, Rausch . . . He drove for hours, never stopping, hardly slowing down except to avoid an accident. Then he stopped, as suddenly as he had started, in a dilapidated alley off of Eighth Street.

He sat thinking on his bike in the darkness of the alley. He heard footsteps in the stillness. The steps were a man's, he thought, but fell softly on the littered pavement. He sat still. There was a single street lamp on the far end of the alley; the only other light was the headlight of his bike. Alan waited for the man to show himself, poised for whatever might come.

Then he appeared, unearthly, and to Alan's mind, breathtaking; an unnatural kind of beauty that horrified and attracted. He was encased in leather; as some seem born to wear leather, this man seemed to have been born *in* it.

His hair and beard were almost too manicured, dark brown and streaked with auburn by the uneven light. He was smaller than Royal, but Royal was a very big man. And where Royal's skin was dark chocolate, almost black, this man was uncommonly pale. His entire attitude said power, subtle and understated in a way that Alan had never seen before. Royal had embellished himself with the trappings of power—the uniform he wore as a policeman, the symbols of servitude he insisted that his slaves always wear—but this man, this pale, unearthly stranger in the pre-dawn shadow, *was* power.

Alan's eyes were riveted to the stranger's. The man nodded and Alan returned the gesture. The man seemed about to move in Alan's direction, perhaps to greet him, then looked up into the sky, shook his head, and walked up the broken steps of an old, abandoned-looking house. As he entered, Alan could just make out the shadow of the man nodding again. Alan returned the nod, anxiously this time. He held his breath and waited for the man to do something, say something. The man disappeared, but Alan felt that he had received a message, that the man had told him to come again, that he would be welcome, wanted.

Alan was motionless for some time. Then he sensed the approaching morning and very quietly coasted his bike to the end of the alley; he didn't wish to show his chosen Master any discourtesy by disturbing him with the harsh sound that starting the bike would make.

. . . . . .

He woke with a start. His heart was pounding. He thought someone had called him. He listened—nothing. Then the sound of someone whistling, eerie and tuneless.

Alan got out of bed and walked naked to the window that looked over his neighbor's backyard. There he was, a statue in the moonlight of the garden next door, whistling his unnatural song. Alan opened the window and leaned over the sill, felt the light summer fog clinging to the air around him. He breathed it in, cool and sharp, wondering at the dream he assumed this to be. Suddenly, with a single effortless motion, the man was at the window, balanced delicately on the narrow ledge and looking deep into Alan's eyes. Alan stepped back, suddenly afraid. He looked around the spartan room for some sort of weapon.

As swiftly and as silently as he had jumped to Alan's window, the man was now in Alan's bedroom. "I've come for you."

"Now?"

The man's green, almost feline eyes locked onto his own. "Now." His boots fell silently on the bare floor as he walked across the room.

Alan stood frozen, immobile with equal parts fear and desire, and waited for the man's touch, the power that would subdue and comfort him.

"My name is Nachman."

"Sir."

One gloved hand reached out, ever so gently. Alan caught his breath in short gasps. His cock twitched. Alan opened his mouth and offered it to Nachman as a gift, hoping it would be kissed, or fucked.

Nachman's hand softly caressed Alan's face, his strange green eyes fixed on their quarry. Alan's cock exploded over Nachman's leather, shooting cum in long, agonizing spasms.

Alan fell to his knees, trembling, his breathing shallow but rapid, as if he'd been suffocated.

"Lick it off, Alan. Clean up the cum with your tongue. Make the leather shine."

Alan obeyed, still shaking. His tongue carefully covered every inch of the leather, relishing the cum because it had touched his Master's leather and was therefore sacred. When he finished this, the first task Nachman was to demand of him, Alan looked up again into the lunar green eyes. Nachman reached down to Alan, who lay groveling at his feet, and touched him again with the same gentleness as before, with the same gloved hand.

* * * * *

Alan slept as if in a fever for nights to come, always dreaming of Nachman. Similarly, his waking hours had a dream-like quality. As if drugged, he'd stare into space for hours. If he let his awareness flow unguided, he'd see Nachman clearly. Only when he tried to see the face did it disappear, hovering just out of sight, haunting him with what seemed an unrealized potential.

Unable to sleep, Alan wandered the maze of streets and alleys of the warehouse district, always without direction, but always avoiding that one dark alley where he'd first seen Nachman. He was afraid of the alley, afraid to see Nachman, afraid that Nachman wouldn't be there, and afraid that what he insisted had been a dream would prove to be just that.

The fever of his nights increased. The dreams of Nachman began to invade even his waking hours. He collapsed exhausted at work one day and was sent home ill. He tried to sleep, but it was fitful; his dream awoke him. He walked the streets again. Too weak to resist, he let himself be drawn, ever so slowly, toward the alley.

It was well past midnight. Even in the darkness, the nameless alley opened up to him as if it were a cavern, a gaping mouth prepared to swallow him whole. He came to the house, saw the unlit windows and the shadows that crossed them like layers of darkness.

Something inside him rebelled, perhaps the last shred of what is called the instinct for survival. Reason told him that his obsession was nonsense, that he was a victim of his own weak character, suffering in the aftermath of Royal's desertion. Bolstered by this insight, he turned to go. Then he realized he was already on the front porch of the house; he couldn't remember walking up the stairs. He felt a chill. Reason evaporated.

He turned around again. The door was open. He went in. He stumbled about in the cluttered darkness until he discovered a staircase. He began a slow ascent. Above him he saw Nachman's face, almost luminescent, mirroring the light of the eyes.

"Alan."

"Master, I've come."

"I've waited for you too long."

"Forgive me, Master. I thought you were a dream."

He stood before him, his head bent, waiting. He felt his name had been spoken again and raised his face to meet his Master's. He opened his mouth to scream but didn't. He saw Nachman's face clearly, saw the delicate, razor-like fangs, now so pronounced, that he had never seen before.

Something in Alan snapped; the will, the desire to resist fell away. He pulled at the collar of his shirt and bared his throat. The sharp fangs sliced easily, almost imperceptibly, into Alan's flesh. Alan felt his cock stiffen and, as his life was sucked from him, felt it explode.

* * * * *

Strangely, it was only now that the fever passed, that he was able to live from day to day as others did, to sleep deeply at night unburdened by dreams. He caressed the thin wounds healing on his neck, feeling when he did an overwhelming eroticism—even to the point of climax—followed by a sense of peace that held him in trance.

As Alan went about his daily life, he was comforted by the thought that Nachman was sleeping and dreaming of him. Nights and days passed more quickly than he could have imagined before Nachman had taken him. His hungry yearnings were satiated now, his burning passions quenched. Nachman's presence no longer haunted him; it had become a benevolent omnipresence whispering in the heart's darkest corners. For now, though, Alan would wait and renew his supply of blood for Nachman. When ready, he'd be called again.

* * * * *

One night he heard Nachman's whistle in his sleep and followed it without waking to where Nachman was waiting in the shadows of a crowded street. Alan saw him clearly and knew at once that others did not see him. Alan watched as Nachman slipped unnoticed through the door of a bar. Then, as if Nachman were suddenly visible, Alan saw nervous young men approach his Master with offers of complete submission. Nachman caressed one of the boys, one younger and softer than Alan, touching him gently as if consuming earthly beauty. He brushed his lips against his victim's, then, pretending to caress the boy's throat with his lips, he kissed the neck with an open mouth. There was a single gasp, the briefest struggle, before the boy fell forward into Nachman's arms where he was held, comforted, as his life was sucked from him.

After Nachman had fed, he left the boy, barely breathing, slumped over a bar stool. No one noticed; they thought only that the boy was drunk.

Alan heard the whistling a second time. This time he woke up and without pausing went to open his window. The fog was thick, even for summer. There was no moonlight. But Alan knew Nachman was there. He paused to breathe in the night air before calling softly, "Master."

Nachman was at the window, then in the room. He cupped Alan's face in his gloved hands and kissed him softly. "Did you see, Alan?"

Alan kissed his Master's gloved hand. "Now, Master, please take me now!"

"Be patient, Alan. In time. This must be done slowly, or you will die, too. I want you to be with me forever."

"As your slave, Master?"

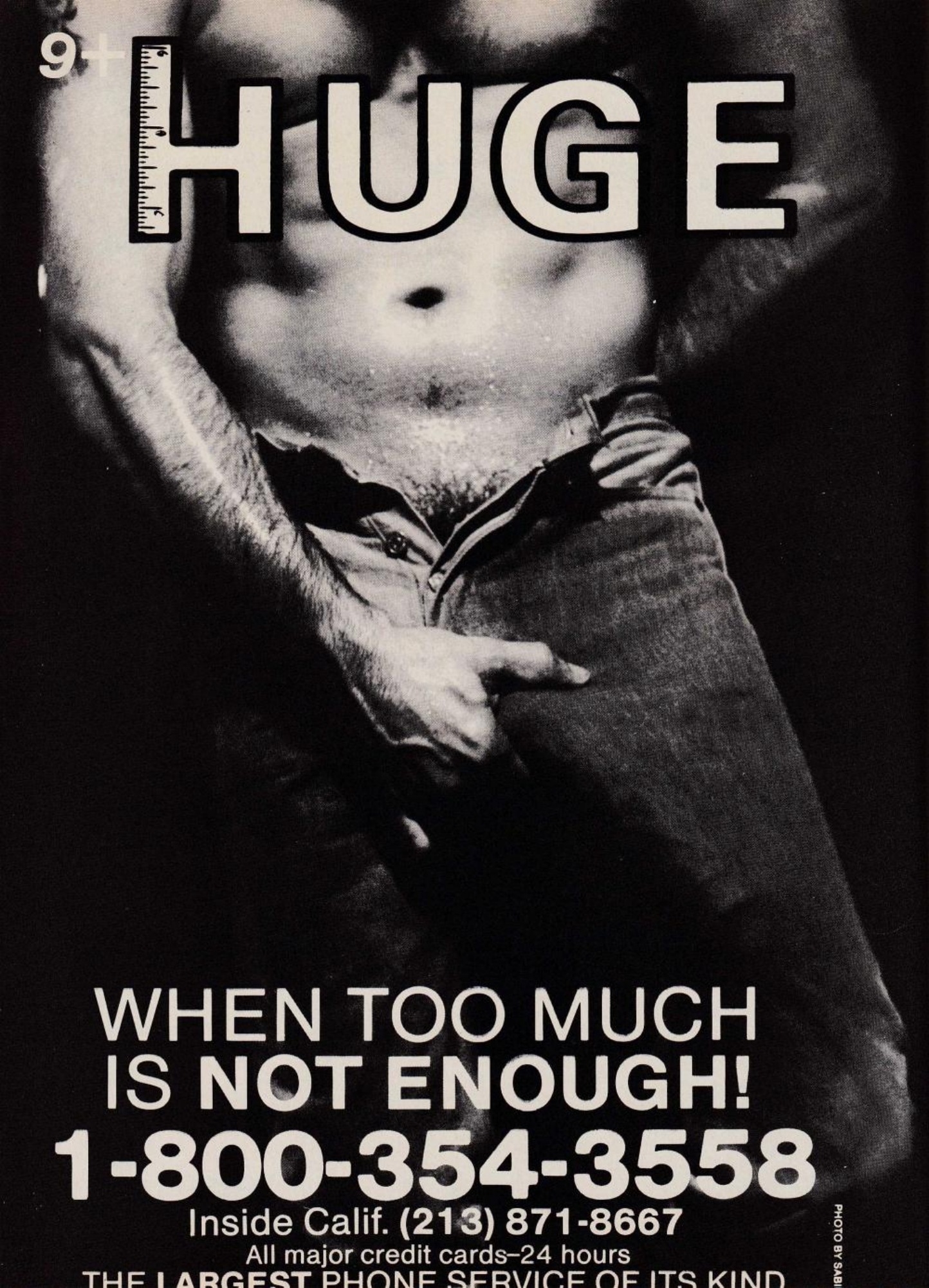
"As my slave."

He kissed Alan again. His lips were colder now; they had lost the warmth of the kill. He caressed Alan's throat where he had once taken drink. Alan's whole body stiffened; he ejaculated and collapsed again on the floor. Without a word, Alan got to his knees and licked his Master's leather clean as he had done the first time. When he was done, Nachman disappeared through the window.

* * * * *

Royal had had a way of giving orders, leaving written instructions for Alan to read and obey. Alan had thought this constant attention to his subservience ideal. Both men had taken their roles seriously and Alan had thrived under the constant duress of their relationship. While he felt objectified by Royal, he never felt completely possessed by him, never felt owned outright, because Royal had neglected to take care of what he owned. Alan was expected to take care of his own needs as well as Royal's. Any pleasure Alan got (and this was considerable, after all) from their interactions was, as far as Royal was concerned, incidental.

With Nachman, Alan felt completely at one with his passions. Nachman's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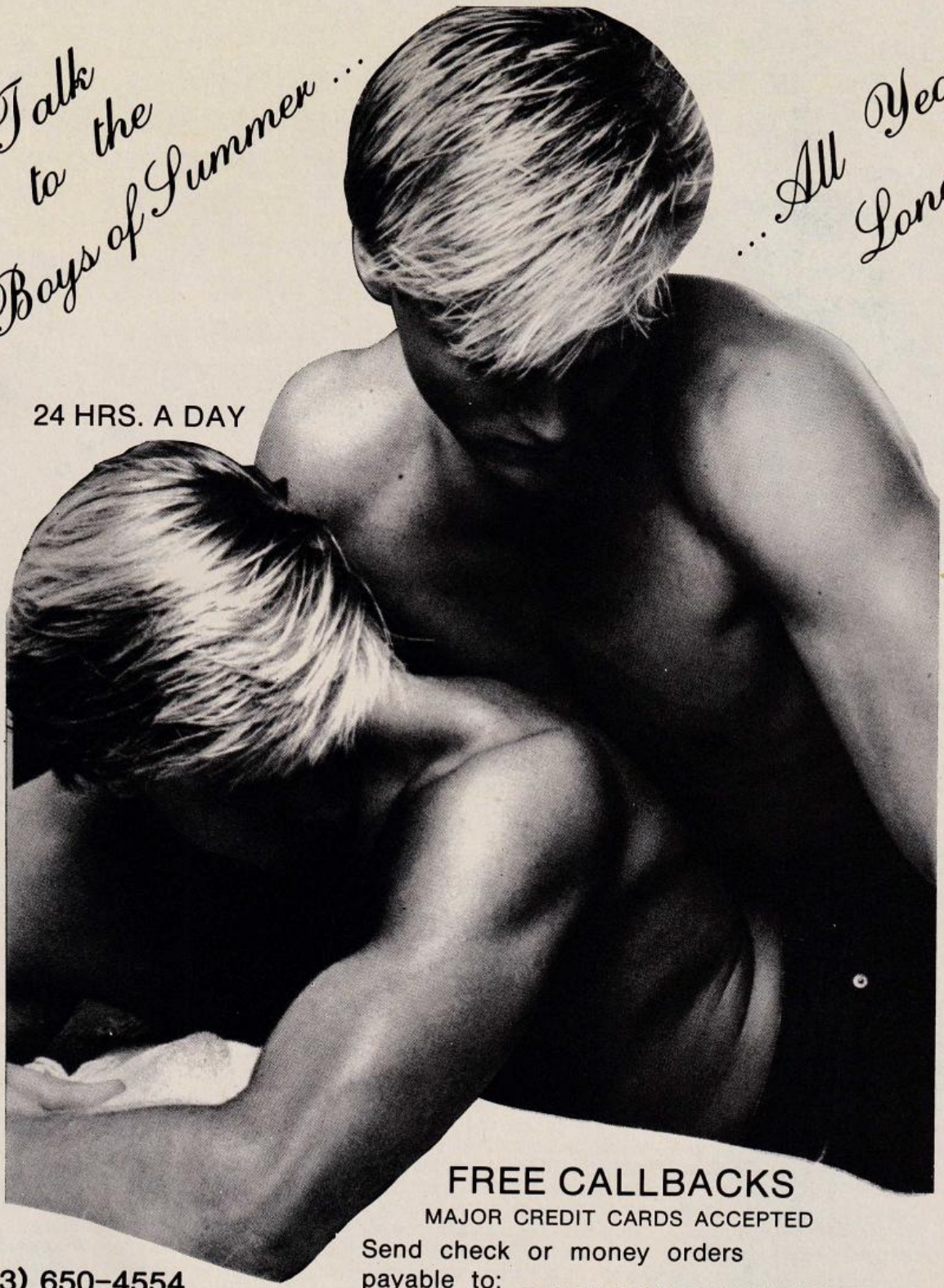

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pleasure in him was explicit and fed Alan's sense of completeness as a slave. Nachman owned Alan body and soul, there was no question, but loved him as well. Whatever longings Alan may have had for Royal's cruel touch now dissolved in the intensity of his need to be nothing more than the object of Nachman's desire. In all of this Alan found peace.

* * * * *

Each evening Alan would walk the shabby streets to Nachman's house. The sun would set as Alan climbed the stairs to the vault-like room where Nachman slept, greeting him as he emerged from one darkness into another. Nachman's tenderness towards Alan at these moments was overwhelming and would leave Alan trembling and as exhausted as if he'd been taken.

On the nights Alan *was* taken, Nachman's tenderness gave way to a lustful hunger. As he approached, his teeth bared, his eyes glowing, Alan's cock would harden. As Nachman's delicate razor teeth sank quickly into his throat, Alan would feel the rush of orgasm.

Alan stopped passing out when Nachman fed. Each time he found himself stronger than the last. Before the summer ended, Alan began to change into something more than he had been. What had seemed surreal now seemed natural, and his previous existence took on the quality of a half-remembered dream. Always pale, Alan took to avoiding the sun altogether and found comfort in the city's seasonal fog. His skin became translucent. Friends thought him strangely ill.

One evening he arrived at Nachman's home to find his Master already sitting in the lower chamber of the house. He kneeled at Nachman's feet and kissed his boot, then waited in silence.

In time Nachman spoke. His voice was grave, even sad. Alan saw the lines of melancholy drawn across the usually handsome face. It was a face that remembered.

"When my master made me centuries ago I was not much older than you, Alan. He loved me and wanted me forever. I thought he was the devil at first—people still believed in the devil then—and tried to escape him. In time I came to love him. I was not as willing to love then as I am now." He gently stroked Alan's head. Alan felt a shiver of pleasure. "He spoke to me then as I am speaking to you now.

"I can make anyone to be like me, but most people are too weak to thrive in darkness as you and I do. They grow weaker, become unhappy to the point of despair, and then they end their lives. They stop feeding. They disappear.

"My Master told me that only those who can see us when we mean to be shadows can share our life. You are one of those people, Alan. When I saw you that night, saw you watching me, I knew. . . And I loved you at once, wanted you. So I began looking for you, calling you. You, my love, can live forever. You will grow strong and one day be as strong as me. You will be your own Master in time, but there will be centuries of servitude to me before that. I love you, Alan, and must possess you."

Alan was speechless. He longed to be completely immersed in his Master's will.

Quietly Nachman took Alan's hand and led him up the stairs and into the chamber where he slept. At last, thought Alan, it is happening.

In the still and lightless chamber was a simple slab of marble on a pedestal. At regular intervals around the pedestal were large brass rings.

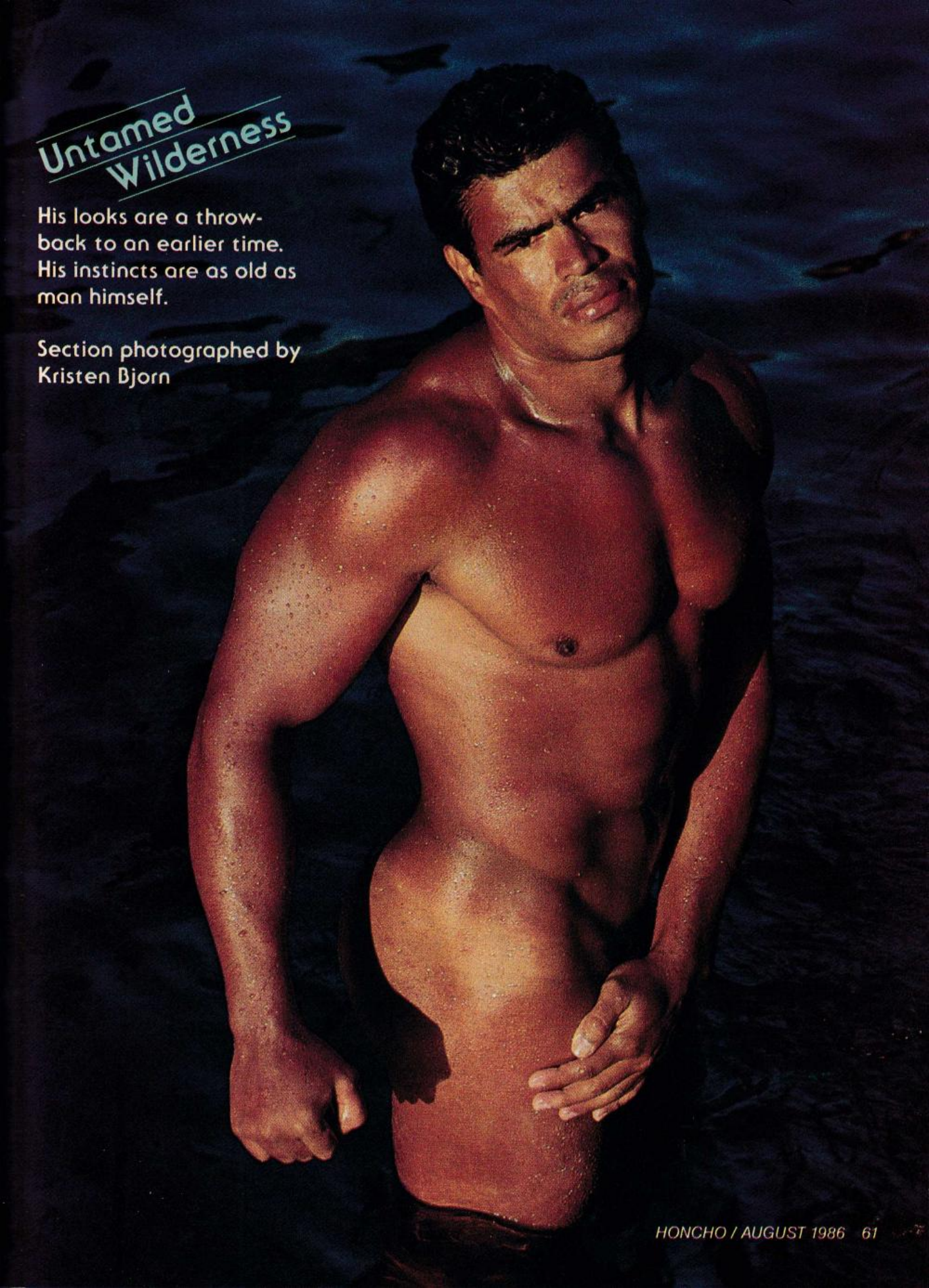
Nachman instructed Alan to undress and lie down on the marble platform. Alan obeyed instantly. His cock arched into the still, musty air, Alan felt his arms and legs being put into brass shackles, his body stretched across the length of the marble slab. He waited in the dark, breathless in his excitement but unafraid.

Suddenly a candle was lit and Alan saw Nachman passing a large needle through the flame. Alan understood and felt sweat run over him as his excitement increased. His cock, turgid and swelling, bounced into empty space.

"I am marking you as mine, Alan, marking you as my slave so all men will know."

Nachman held the needle in one gloved hand and pinched the hardened right nipple through Alan's flesh. Before Alan's first scream had subsided, Nachman had inserted the needle through the second nipple and the urethra. Alan's screams turned into sobs as gold rings were slid into place. Alan felt himself bleed, felt the warm flow trickeling over and down his body. Then

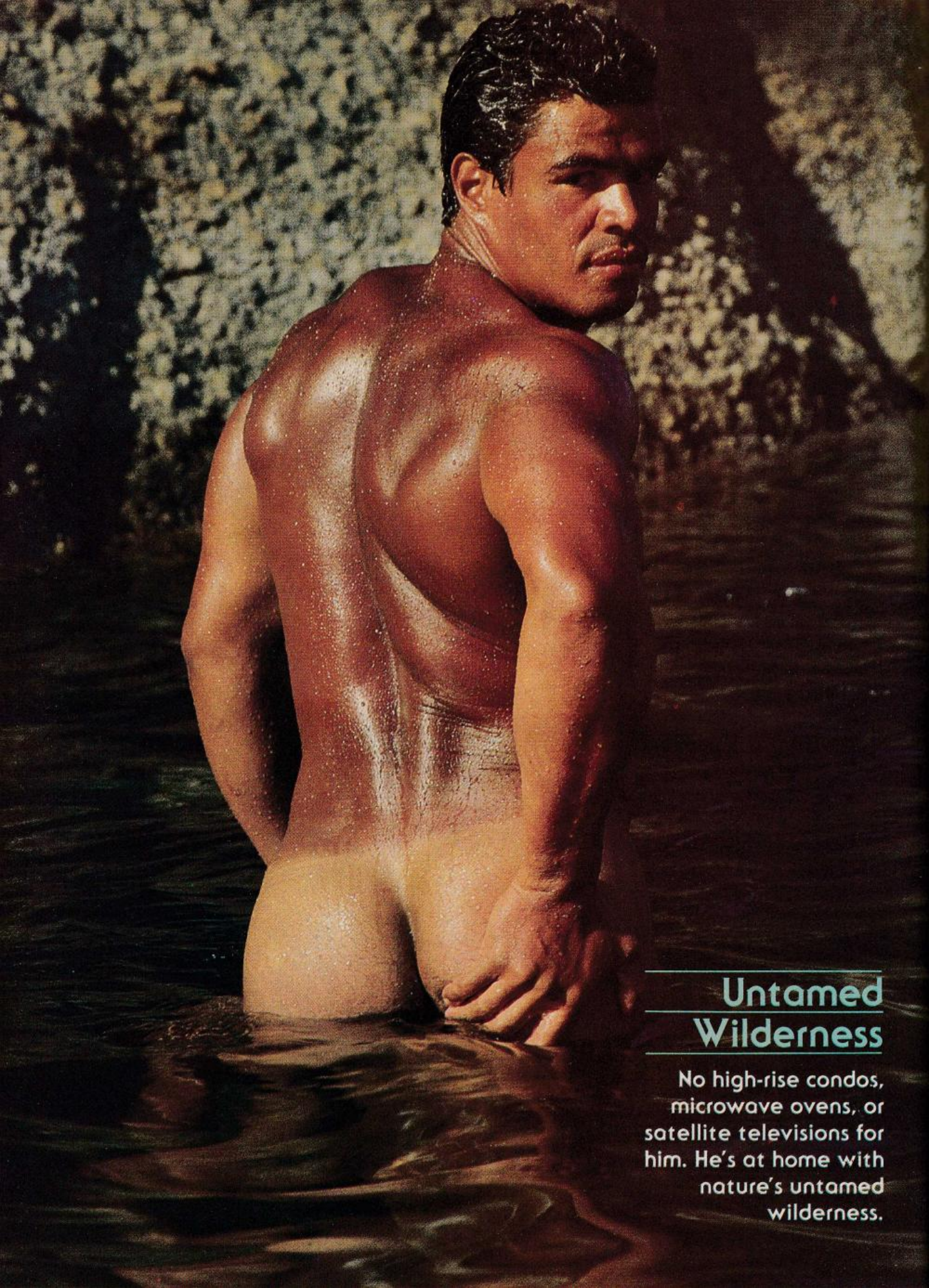
Continued to page 69

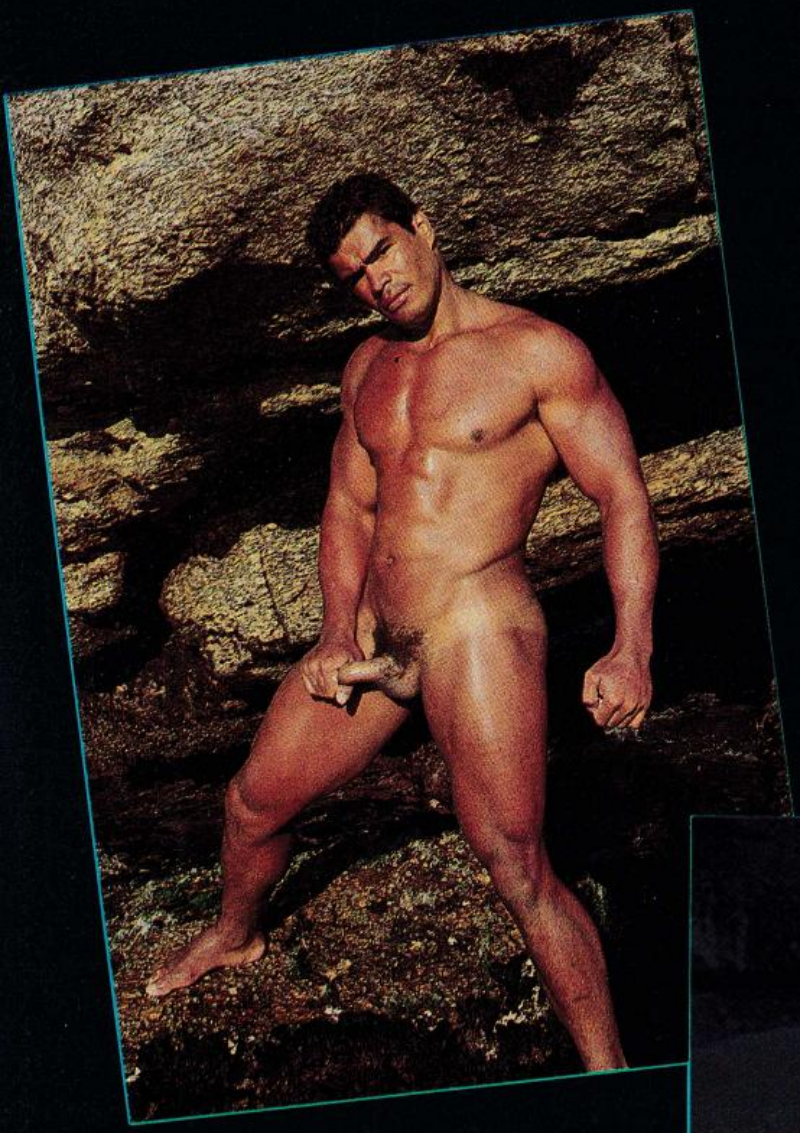


Untamed Wilderness

His looks are a throwback to an earlier time. His instincts are as old as man himself.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn


Untamed
Wilderness
No high-rise condos, microwave ovens, or satellite televisions for him. He's at home with nature's untamed wilderness.



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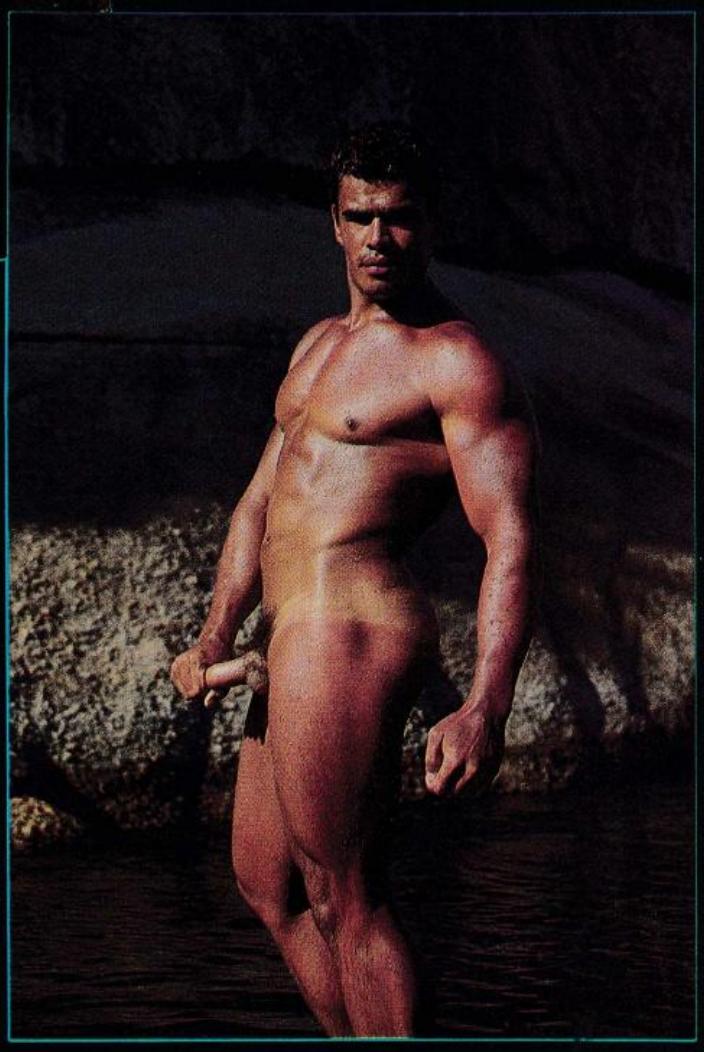

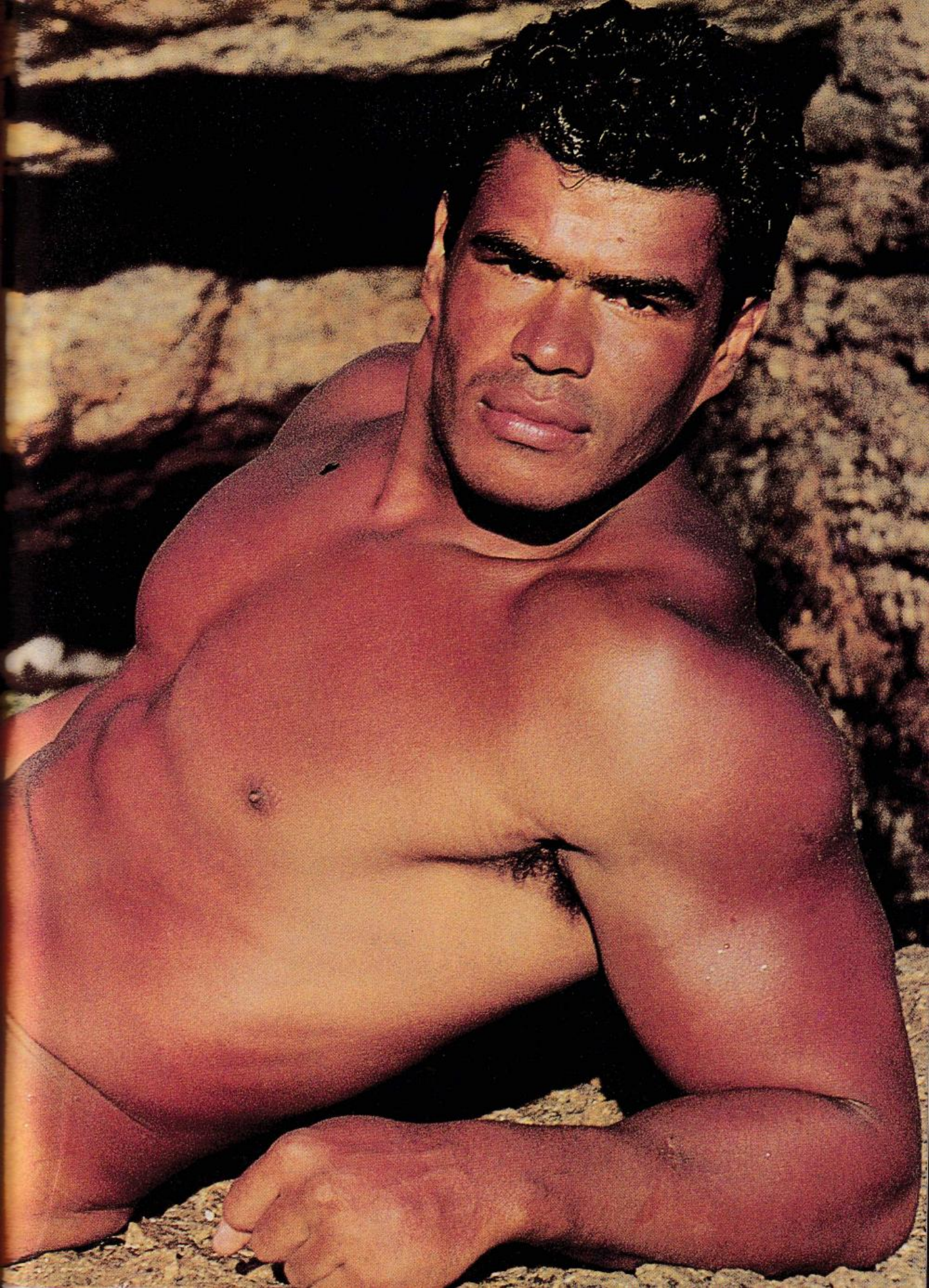

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UNNATURAL SONG

Continued from page 60

Alan felt Nachman's cold, damp tongue licking cat-like at the flow of blood, following each tiny rivulet to its source, then sucking at the wound. Alan's sobs turned into screams of pleasure. Pain racked his body and sent him into convulsions. Cum flowed from his cock like blood, a constant stream of repeated orgasms, until his balls were shriveled and empty.

* * * * *

Alan was given the pleasure of the hunt.

There was no shortage of prey. Alan's eyes had hardened; his face shone with purpose; eager submissives aproached him thinking that he was the Master. Haunting the alleys and bars, waiting in the shadows for the right man to approach him, Alan would proudly bare the gold rings in his nipples, arousing the men who'd approach him.

The victim would be brought to the house. Alan used the same story again and again: "My lover's at home, but I know a place where we can get it on."

They would enter the darkened house. Alan would light a candle and lead him up the stairs into Nachman's vaulted lair. There, the unsuspecting man was taken. Alan watched each feeding with eagerness, stroking his cock at the sight of Nachman's eyes glowing in the dark, at the small cry each man made, the inevitable but futile struggle at the incision of Nachman's teeth into the throat. As the body dropped to the floor, Nachman would gaze deeply into Alan's eyes, blood dripping from his mouth, eagerly retrieved by the tongue. Alan would shoot, covering the corpse with cum.

One night, as the victim still struggled to live, still fought for breath, Nachman interrupted his feeding and said to Alan, "Now you feed. It's your turn to taste what you've hunted."

Alan didn't hesitate to obey. Blood, he discovered, was not unlike cum, warm and sweet with life. When he had fed and the body slumped to the floor, Nachman finished by feeding on Alan.

Alan reached a new euphoria in this, feeding and being fed upon. He felt as if he were drugged.

That day he slept with his Master.

* * * * *

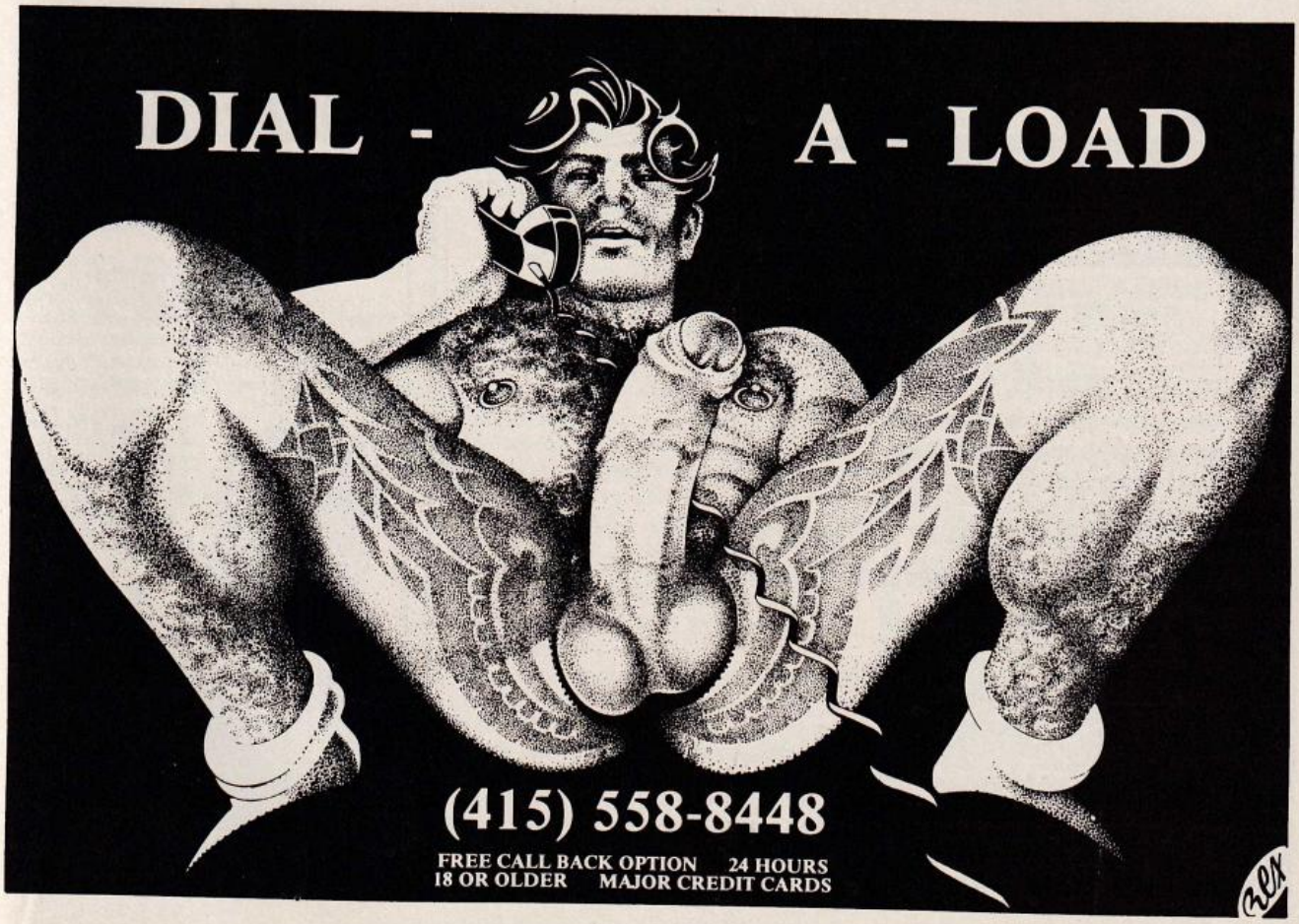
"You choose them so well, Alan. You choose what I'd have chosen." Nachman spoke quietly, gently stroking Alan's hair with a leather-gloved hand. They had just fed and were filled with the warm lethargy that came with drinking blood.

There was no need for Alan to hurry. Just as the elderly will speak their minds because they see the moment as immediate and not to be wasted, so Alan and his Master took their time in speaking because they had the leisure (all eternity) to do so.

"Master," said Alan in time, "I pick men I think are close to perfect, men so beautiful that I'd hate to see them wither and die. They are too handsome to fade without bringing me pain."

Nachman leaned over from where he sat in his chair and kissed Alan lightly on the lips.

For weeks, Alan fed only on blood. His nights were spent as Nachman's slave. During the day he slept in his Master's arms. His job and friends became vague



memories; eventually they were forgotten. He'd become an enigma; only those who saw him hunting even knew he was alive.

* * * * *

When Alan awoke, Nachman had already risen. Alan approached his Master, kneeled at his feet and waited.

"Tonight," said Nachman. He grabbed Alan's face and kissed him. Nachman's mouth was icy against Alan's warmth. The cold tongue bored deep into his throat. Nachman's fangs cut the flesh of Alan's mouth and he lapped up the blood.

Nachman forced Alan to his knees. Alan's face was rubbed into the crotch of Nachman's leather pants as the cock grew steadily larger beneath the leather.

"Now!"

With unsteady fingers Alan unbuttoned the codpiece holding Nachman's cock.

"Hurry!"

The cock was out—beautiful, white, enormous. On its head glistened a drop of ruby-colored fluid. Tentatively, Alan reached out his tongue and lapped it up, surprised at the warmth it filled him with, finer than any liqueur.

The cock arched up before him. Alan looked up into Nachman's eyes and waited for permission.

"Alan," said Nachman in a strange husky voice. "You will be the first to taste my blood. We can only share our blood with others like us. When I cum inside of you Alan, you will become like me. There will be no going back. You will be my slave, with no choices left to you."

"There is no choice now, Sir, except to obey you."

Alan's mouth engulfed the phallus, sucked hungrily on it until the entire length of it was inside him. Nachman grabbed the back of Alan's head and slowly fucked his throat. He fucked it for over an hour, never stopping. He increased his speed. The cock in Alan's mouth and throat became warm, then hot. Alan ignored the discomfort; he wanted more of the blood, more of the euphoria he had tasted in that single drop.

Nachman's groans filled the old house. His body thrashed against Alan with new brutality. There was a scream and he shot blood from his cock, scalding and bitter. Alan drank it, felt the burning liquid flow down his throat, filling him. Nachman's climax lasted minutes, continuing until Alan was close to bursting.

At last the cock was pulled out of Alan's throat. Nachman leaned back, exhausted, and looked deep into Alan. Alan only smiled, licked his lips, and accidentally discovered that his canines were now longer, sharper. They had already grown into fangs.

* * * * *

The night opened up to Alan. It was as if he had suddenly been given the gift of sight. Colors now appeared vivid in the darkness where once there had been only shades of gray.

They hunted together, sharing the kill. They chose women as well as men, and all were beautiful. At times it seemed to Alan that they fed not on blood, but on beauty, consuming not the life of their victims so much as their essence.

Time lost all meaning. Seasons passed and meant little more to Alan than the vague discomfort of being wet in winter, or the inconvenience of shorter summer nights. The passion Nachman and Alan held for each other only increased. They made love by sharing their victim's blood,

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by reveling in the beauty of those they consumed. Long hours were spent in talking. Lonely for centuries, Nachman shared his life with Alan, recounted the endless episodes that had made up the years of an unnatural existence. Alan listened silently, in constant awe of the numberless nights Nachman had lived, never tiring of Nachman's voice.

Alan learned to move with the deftness of a shadow, to disappear into the mist that hung over the City. He felt at one with the fog, with the endless possibilities the darkness unfolded to him.

They prepared to travel. Nachman wanted to show Alan the world he'd lived in, for Alan to meet others like themselves. Arrangements were made to ship a coffin across country. Endless attention was spent on time tables, so that they might leave and arrive in darkness.

Not long before they were to leave, Alan went walking alone, keeping himself a shadow in the streets. He had already fed with Nachman; now he hungered for something else, for a memory he couldn't place. He wandered through the streets as he had years before, at last lurching from the seclusion of his thoughts at the sound of his name.

"Alan, where've you been?"

Alan looked at the man who'd spoken to him. He was fair but not as fair as Alan. He wore only blue jeans and boots, as it was an unusually warm evening. A length of chain was secured with a lock around the man's neck; Alan remembered it as the off-duty collar Royal had insisted be worn when a slave was by himself.

"Will?"

"We all thought you moved or something. No one's seen you in years. Are you still upset about Royal?"

"Oh, no," said Alan vaguely. He looked around, realized that he was on Harrison Street. Others might come, and he didn't want to be seen. He also knew that Will had seen him while he was a shadow. He looked into Will's eyes and smiled. "I've got another Master now. I'm happier with him than I ever was with Royal." He pulled Will across the street and into an alley so no one would see Will talking to himself.

"You're still Royal's slave? Where do you live now?"

"Same place. How long has it been?"

"A year at least," said Alan vaguely.

"Hah! More like five! Why don't you come by for a drink? The bars are all closing now and Royal's on duty till four, I think. Come on . . ."

"No, thanks, Will. I'm going to my Master's. He's waiting for me."

"Okay, but call me. Wait till I tell Royal!"

Something human had remained in Alan. It was something like jealousy, a residual malice towards the man who'd stolen Royal. He told himself it was simple self-preservation; he could not let Nachman see Will for fear of Nachman making Will a slave as well. Alan would allow no room for a second slave.

He followed Will to be sure of the house. He watched Will through the window, watched him undress and lie across Royal's giant bed and slowly stroke his cock. When Will had finished, Alan watched him fall asleep with the light on, cum dribbling across his belly.

* * * * *

Alan waited.

Instinct told him that his last night in the City would be the time to act. He followed the scent of their sweat in the wind and was soon at the house he had known so well, hanging on the window's narrow ledge and watching Royal in his leather, whipping Will.

The slave was suspended from the high, beamed ceiling, his feet spread apart and secured by hooks in the floor. Will's moans filled the room, echoed familiarly in Alan's ear.

"I caught you this time," Royal was shouting. "Caught you with your cock in your hand, jerking off when I told you not to!"

"Master, I'm sorry—"

Royal didn't seem to hear, or if he did, it served only to increase the fury of the whip as it sliced through the heat of the room. Alan watched the scene with detached interest, like an anthropologist discovering a long-forgotten people as they performed an ancient rite.

The whipping progressed to torture. Will's nipples were twisted, torn by sharpened clamps until the blood trickled down his chest and abdomen. Alan licked his lips at the sight of it, felt the hunger gnawing inside of him. Still, he waited.

Royal's attention returned to the whip, the drawing of blood no longer giving him the satisfaction he wanted. Will's screams were replaced by soft, low moans. Then the slave's body slumped forward in silence. Alan's interest peaked. He was afraid the slave might have been killed and lost to him as a meal. But he smelled the life still pumping in Will, smelled it and felt his hunger rise.

Royal dropped the whip and released the slave from his restraints, catching him as he fell. Alan saw Royal's cock, huge as he had remembered it, the foreskin pulled back to reveal the shiny purple head, burning with the aphrodisiac of the whipping. Royal plunged his cock into the slave's asshole and fucked him with a fury that matched the swinging of the whip. In less than a minute he came. He pulled out his cock and left the room.

Alan waited, even as the hunger increased within him. An hour passed and Royal returned, naked except for a white towel over one powerful brown shoulder. Very gently he scooped Will into his arms and carried him into the bedroom.

With feline stealth, Alan slid the window open and stepped silently into the room. He stood motionless until he heard the gentle, even sound of Royal breathing as he slept in the next room. Alan walked silently across the house to where they lay.

He bent over the bed and saw in the darkness the smaller, pale figure of Will in Royal's immense brown arms. Alan saw the contrast with the detachment of an aesthete and thought it beautiful. Very quickly he leaned down and bit into Will's neck, feeding until the heart stopped beating.

When he'd finished, he continued looking at the clinging figures for some time, wondering why it had been so important for him to feed on one man and not the other. He couldn't remember; Will was now a vague memory and difficult to account for. The change in Alan was now complete; when Will died, the last of what had been human in Alan had died as well.

* * * * *

Nachman and Alan left the next night as planned. To date, the old house in the alleyway off of Eighth Street stands empty. ■

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AUDITION FOR A MUSCLE SLAVE

Continued from page 40

portant that I feel the opposite of what he was experiencing. Instead of nibbling and applying pressure that might be similar to the pain the clamps were giving him, he worked my nipples with great and deliberate care.

He seemed to be timing himself to my movements. As I came closer and closer to orgasm, his mouth worked more intensely. His head crossed back and forth over my chest, taking care of both nipples as well as he could.

The moment my groin began to boil, I ripped off the condom. My cock shot out pulses of fluid all over the muscled executive's chest.

I pushed him back so I could watch the spurts fly onto his shaven body. When I had completely emptied myself, I reached over and smeared the fluid all over his chest with my palm.

I sat back and looked at him. Nothing remained of the respected businessman. With his knees spread apart, his cock still erect, and his torso milky with the rapidly drying cum, he appeared to be exactly what he had presented himself as: a masochistic slave anxious to please his master.

"You need this."

"Please, sir. . ." His voice trailed off. He looked away from me. I leaned over and grabbed his neck again.

"I said you need this— *don't* you?"

"Yes, sir." He hung his head back down.

I motioned him forward, and he crawled the small space between us on his knees. I reached over and began to play with his bells again. He closed his eyes; the pain and the humiliation merged and intensified, but his erection wasn't going away.

I moved my leg between his thighs and ran my foot over the smooth skin. I lifted my foot to his shaven scrotum. It was silky smooth; no other part of the body feels quite so perfect when shaved.

I rubbed my foot harder against him until it was again pressing the spiked cock ring into his flesh.

"Put your hands behind your head." He didn't hesitate. "Now rub against me." I put my foot down on the floor as soon as I had said that. He was puzzled. "Rub your cock against my leg until you come."

He lifted himself and pushed his erection against my shin, just below my knee. He began to move his hips rhythmically.

"You enjoy that, don't you?"

"Please, sir, let me just beat off." I shook my head no. "Please, take off the clamps. Stop the bells." Again, no.

I could feel his scrotum bouncing against me. The idea of masturbating against my leg was thrilling him and repulsing him, but the thrill was dominant. His cock was moving ever more rapidly, the bells rang louder and louder, and his face was beginning to flush. "This is just the way you should be, collared, your body adorned, your cock hard while you beg your master to let you come."

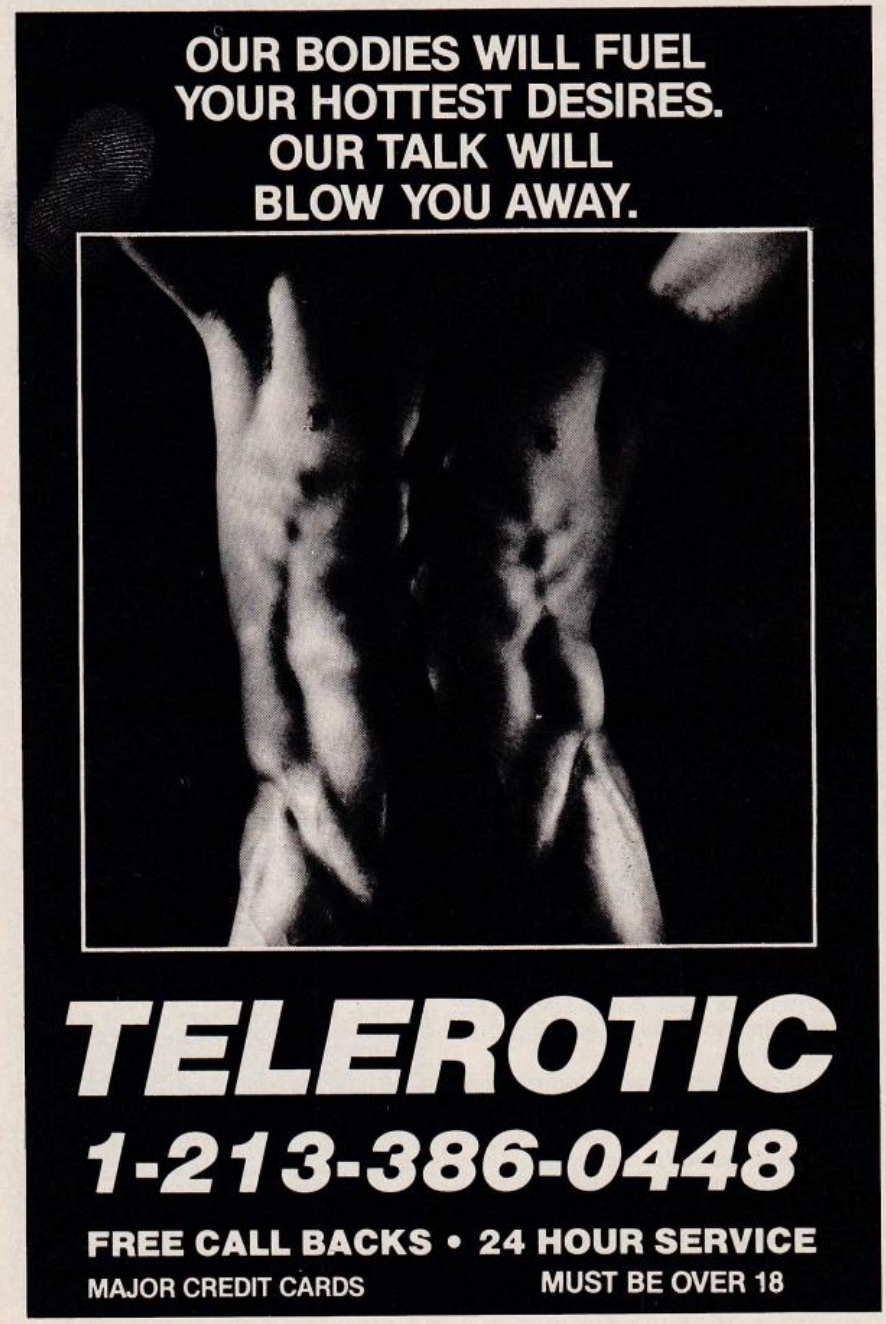
"Yes, sir."

"You'll come to San Francisco for this and for nothing more."

"Please, sir, when I'm there, please don't make me wear the bells." He was begging now. He was absolutely sincere.

So was I. "The ony thing I promise you is this: When you come to San Francisco and undress for me, the first thing that will happen is that I will put these same bells on your nipples and you will go around my party with them on, letting the others know with the sound that you're approaching, announcing that they can do anything to your nipples, or to the rest of you, that they choose. . ."

And with that, he came against my leg. ■



COME MEET MY HUSBAND

Continued from page 52

I filled the day with scads of small chores I'd been putting off. Then that afternoon I got my hair cut—my first encounter with a gay "stylist"—which parlayed itself into 20 bucks worth of "split-end repair" and "scalp-restoration."

"Construction worker, right? Knew it the minute you walked in."

He worked on me like a little demon, and I had to admit I looked pretty good with the top of my head repaired and restored. I went right across the street to Strictly Male to pick up a new pair of swim trunks. When I asked the clerk if he had anything like the pair I presented to him, but with a built-in supporter, he let me know that that was "strictly out this season." What I wanted, he assured me, was a St. Tropez jock in matching color. "In case you want to let your trunks dry, just toss 'em. And *voila*!"

By Sunday noon, the coastal haze had lifted and I could make out a cluster of cottages a few yards south of where the bus let me off. Zimmy had clued me in: "Ours is the only house that does not boast a plaster David in the front yard." Even so, it was Zimmy's familiar silver Mustang sitting in the driveway, mint-perfect and as squeaky-clean as its owner, that told me I'd found the place.

Once inside, the change from beach glare to cool shadows, plus the effusiveness of Zimmy's greeting, disoriented me, and I was not immediately aware of the entrance of the heavy piece of equipment bearing the man I had seen first me in my dream. The complicated vehicle and the commanding driver, halted as though waiting for a green light, may have been standing there for several minutes. I wondered if the entire duration of Zimmy's bear hug had been witnessed. But then again, man-touching is routine behavior in California.

When Hank arrived at my side, he shut off the whatever-it-was that had been making the whirring sound. "No introduction is necessary, Pug. I feel like I know you already," and the big man's hand clasped mine. That and the warmth of his steady gaze—with no other body contact—was as full and welcoming as an actual embrace.

At the sound of a timer in the kitchen, Hank wheeled himself through the enlarged doorway that led from the living room to the kitchen. Zimmy, already in his swim suit, urged me into the bedroom to shed my unnecessary duds. He carefully hung my jacket and slacks among his own in the neatly organized walk-in closet, while I got into my new beachwear. Unaccustomed to locker-room intimacy, I was a little ashamed of my fish-belly-white legs. Although my upper body was as dark as Zimmy's, his year-round access to the beach enabled him to keep a perfect all-over tan, which made him a certified Californian; the contrast marked me as a newcomer.

In fact, he was so perfect in every way that I could only stare, until he drew my attention to the framed photo on the dresser. Two swimmers, each with an arm around the other's shoulder. Two Neptunes emerging from the sea. One was a slightly younger Zimmy, cocky and laughing. The other was a powerful beauty who topped his companion by at least six inches: a youthful Hank, with legs.

"Really something, wasn't he?" Zimmy corrected himself: "*Isn't* he?"

"Hank Anderson and I have been together nearly ten years now. He was the best crane operator in the business—till the accident. Now he operates a wheelchair." When I met Hank that weekend, he impressed me with his easy, friendly personality. I must have impressed him, too, because he came to my bed early the next morning. What he lacked now in the legs department, he more than made up for with his enormous, hard cock. He made me forget for a moment that he was my best friend's husband.

Two "whole" men, our images reflected in the dresser mirror, stood together in a moment of awkward silence, broken only by the sounds of the happy home-body puttering around in the kitchen. A half-man baking a pie. The same man who, perfect before his accident, smiled out at us from the photo in Zimmy's hand.

"He likes you, Pug. I knew he would."

It was a relief to get onto the sand and lose ourselves in the crowd of Sunday bathers spreading out their towels and rubbing their bodies with oil. We hit the waves, and I could only marvel at the way Zimmy handled the big ones, his lithe body always emerging at the last minute, just before I'd given him up for lost. I'd been brought up

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HOT NIGHT CRUISE

Continued from page 9

and yanked out his meat. Mike smiled out of one side of his mouth. He sank to the ground with his knees spread wide around Larry's legs and slid his mouth over the stiff shaft. He let the cock fill up his whole mouth.

"Oh yeah, suck my cock!" Larry moaned.

But Mike had other ideas. He reached up and pulled Larry's leather pants down to his ankles. "Turn around and bend over."

Larry did exactly as he was told.

Mike spread the ass cheeks apart with his fingers and licked around the hole to get it good and wet. "Turn around. Suck my cock. Get it real slippery."

Mike stood up to receive Larry's dutiful servicing. When his rod was glistening with Larry's spit, he turned the man around again and bent him over. It was easy to slip his cock in now, even a cock as big as Mike's. He began to fuck hard right off.

He grabbed Larry's hips, pulled back, pounded furiously into the asshole. He bent his knees and spread them apart and slapped his body flat against Larry's, over and over, pistoning in and out, in and out, until he felt himself swelling up, boiling over, pumping jets of cum deep inside Larry's hole. . . .

Mike studied the shadows. Four or five cruisers, half-hidden behind bushes and trees, had watched the fuck. Good. Now it was over. He was done with this one.

He unplugged himself and sauntered slowly across the clearing with his dick and balls dangling low out of his open jeans. He stopped, scratched through the hair on his chest, tugged lightly on his pendulous cock. He squinted into the darkness around him, past the bushes, into the night.

Already he was a little impatient for his cock to get hard again. ■

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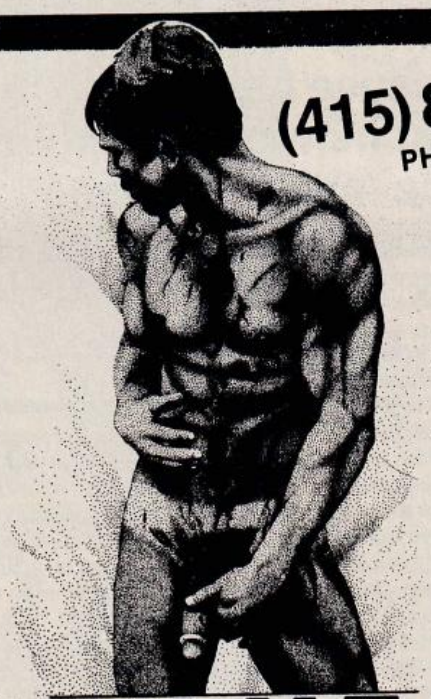

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COME MEET MY HUSBAND

Continued from page 73

around rivers and small lakes, and after two knockout undertows, I struggled to the blanket to wait for him to join me. Beat, I dropped off to sleep.

I was awakened by droplets of salt water falling on my back, and a sharp slap on the ass. When I rolled over, I saw that I was being offered iced tequila from a gallon thermos. I swilled the stuff down like spring water. Zimmy, on the other hand, carefully paced himself.

"I used to be a real boozer. But no more. Not after Hank got hold of me and straightened me out. About a lot of things."

The loving admiration that lit up his face was at odds with the sexy proximity of our bodies on the blanket. As Zimmy continued to extol the talents, the virtues, and the plain honest goodness of Hank Anderson—"the all-time greatest"—I wondered if one of the man's virtues was an utter lack of jealousy. While he was back in the kitchen frying chicken, didn't he for a moment consider the possibility of what might be developing between his lover and their guest? Barely inches away from us, other same-sex couples were unashamedly appreciating each other's nakedness—in spite of the signs ordering "NO NUDE SUNBATHING OR LEWD CONDUCT," after which someone had chalked in "DURING SMOG ALERT."

I am not one of those people who drink to excess, make complete fools of themselves, then next day pretend not to remember anything that happened after the fourth drink. However, in all honesty—and you can blame it on my inexperience with tequila—I'm not sure I can accurately report, play by play, exactly what took place after sundown that fateful Sunday. But I'll do my best . . . .

I remember chicken. Pie. Turkish coffee. I remember fascinating stories from the chef, ensconced in his wheelchair at the head of the table, his dinner garb a short, scarlet silk jacket shot with gold threads. He presided over the dinner conversation with the commanding presence of a Yul Brynner: up-thrust chin, arms akimbo, ruby nipples adorning his bronzed chest like jewels. That famous musical invitation, "Shall We Dance?" pom-pom-pom, came to my mind at one point, followed immediately by the realization that here was a king no longer able to polka.

Then, with a flick of Hank's remote control, an elaborate stereo system burst forth with lively dance music, and—as if had read my mind—the chair-bound host commanded his two able-bodied companions to take to the floor. I was so drunk that I could only sway in clumsy counterpoint to Zimmy's deft gyrations.

"Show Pug how we used to dance down at Balboa, baby."

Hank's encouragement spurred Zimmy on to an exhibition that ended in a sexy striptease. At the end of it, standing there in his jockstrap, his cock peeking out from the waistband, Zimmy said to me, "Now it's your turn, contestant number two."

Barely able to stand up, I managed a couple of turns. Then—grateful to the sales clerk for selling me the separate St. Tropez supporter—I dropped my swim trunks. My limp dick—the victim of too much tequila—made a most unimpressive mound in the ample pouch. Clearly, I was no match for contestant number one, whose moderation had paid off with a respectable—and fast becoming more

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than respectable—erection.

I was relieved when the music stopped, but I had no idea how I was ever going to find my way back to West L.A. Again reading my mind, Hank suggested, "Maybe our guest should spend the night here and drive in to work with you in the morning." As Zimmy helped me toward the guest room, I waved a half-assed salute to Hank, whom I observed drawing the ties closed on his silk robe—but not before I caught a glimpse of a massive hard-on.

Maybe it was the false dawn that awakened me. Or the unfamiliar dampness of the beach house. Or the odd whirring sound and metallic clicking. In any case, the tequila fog had lifted, and my usual early-morning erection had appeared in full force. My day in the sun, the gourmet meal, a few hours of blissful sleep, and the soothing ocean breeze had left me with a wonderful sense of well-being—and extreme horniness.

My solitary reverie was interrupted by the cessation of the whirring sound, the slithering of the bed sheet to the floor, and the sudden realization that somebody had me pinned to the mattress. Hank supported himself effortlessly with his massively-developed arms. His naked stumps were astride my middle, his strong hands gripped my shoulders, and his hairy belly was pressed against mine. After resting his head on the pillow for a moment, he raised up and swallowed my lips, forced his tongue between them, and began exploring the inside of my mouth. It was the first time I'd ever had a man's tongue down my throat. It was shocking—and incredibly sexy.

In one swift and graceful movement, he had my legs up over his shoulder. Then, inching back just far enough to position his huge erection, he whispered, "We've only got ten minutes before the alarm goes off. But I'll take it nice and easy and slow." When he entered me—another first—I thanked God he'd been thoughtful enough to grease himself before climbing into bed with me. For years I'd wanted and feared this experience in equal measure, and here I was pushing my butt up to meet every downstroke of that tremendous piston. No fear, no pain.

Hank's loaded balls slapped rhythmically against my ass cheeks. His strong hands manipulated my cock with the skill of a machinist operating the shift lever of a dozer. When I got too close, he downshifted. When I started lagging, he gunned me. Then, when he was ready, too, he opened the throttle; two sticks of dynamite—one in his hands, one in my ass—went off at precisely the same time.

In the wake of our simultaneous explosions, the alarm went off in the next room; this was followed by another one going off in my head. I had a sudden, horrifying vision of Zimmy bursting through the door with a butcher knife and instantly transforming me into bilateral amputee number two. But no sooner had the vision appeared than Hank, with amazing agility, hopped back into the four-wheeler and whirred off to the shower.

As for me, I was out of that house in no time flat, after the briefest, fastest thank-you-and-good-bye to Zimmy that I dared to think I could get away with. On my way to the job site, I had to get off the bus at my house to pick up my work clothes, which only prolonged my agony. God, was I ever afraid that my early-morning tryst would mean the end of my friendship with Zimmy.

I was a few minutes late getting to work, and Zimmy was already hard at it on top of his bulldozer. He didn't wave as I passed—maybe, I prayed, he was just too busy to see me. When lunchtime rolled around, I climbed to the top of the foreman's shack and sat down to await my fate. It occurred to me that I had nothing to eat. No matter: no appetite.

Then Zimmy appeared. Silently, he spread out the repast. This time, not only had he brought enough dessert to share with me, it was lunch for two all down the line—from vichyssoise in the thermos, to fresh shrimp-salad sandwiches on homemade bread, to luscious German chocolate cake. "From Hank," he explained. "He figured since you don't have anybody to look after you, and since you were in such an all-fired rush this morning, you'd forget to pack a lunch. He was right, huh?"

"He was—yeah, he was right."

"You know, Hank would kill me if I told you how old he is, but yesterday was his birthday. He said you were the nicest present I ever gave him. He's really something—huh?"

Zimmy was smiling; tentatively, I was beginning to feel relieved. "Yeah. He is. So are you. So are the two of you."

"Glad you think so. Next Sunday it's my turn, okay? After that—Hank and I always like to have the score even—we'll start in on the matchmaking. We have a lot of friends, and several of them are single, and we've tested every one of them out. I'd say it's high time you got married and settled down. Any objections?"

"None."

Now I was smiling, but it was an uncertain smile, and Zimmy, who's as sensitive and perceptive as his lover, recognized it as such.

"Hey, Pug."

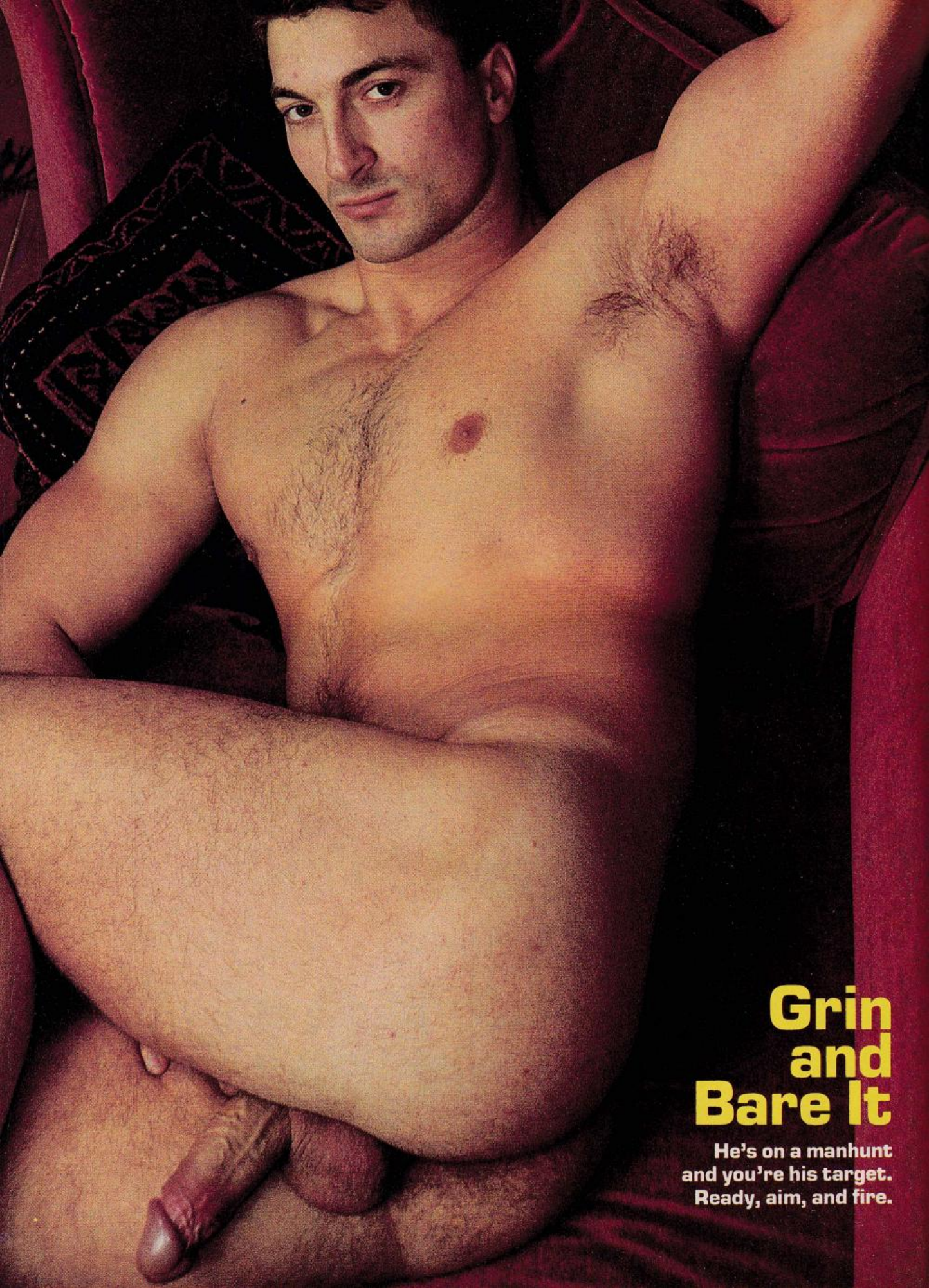
"Yeah?"

"Relax. And welcome to L.A."■

Grin and Bare It

That devilish little grin is so inviting. Bet you're anxious to find out what this sexy guy has on his mind.

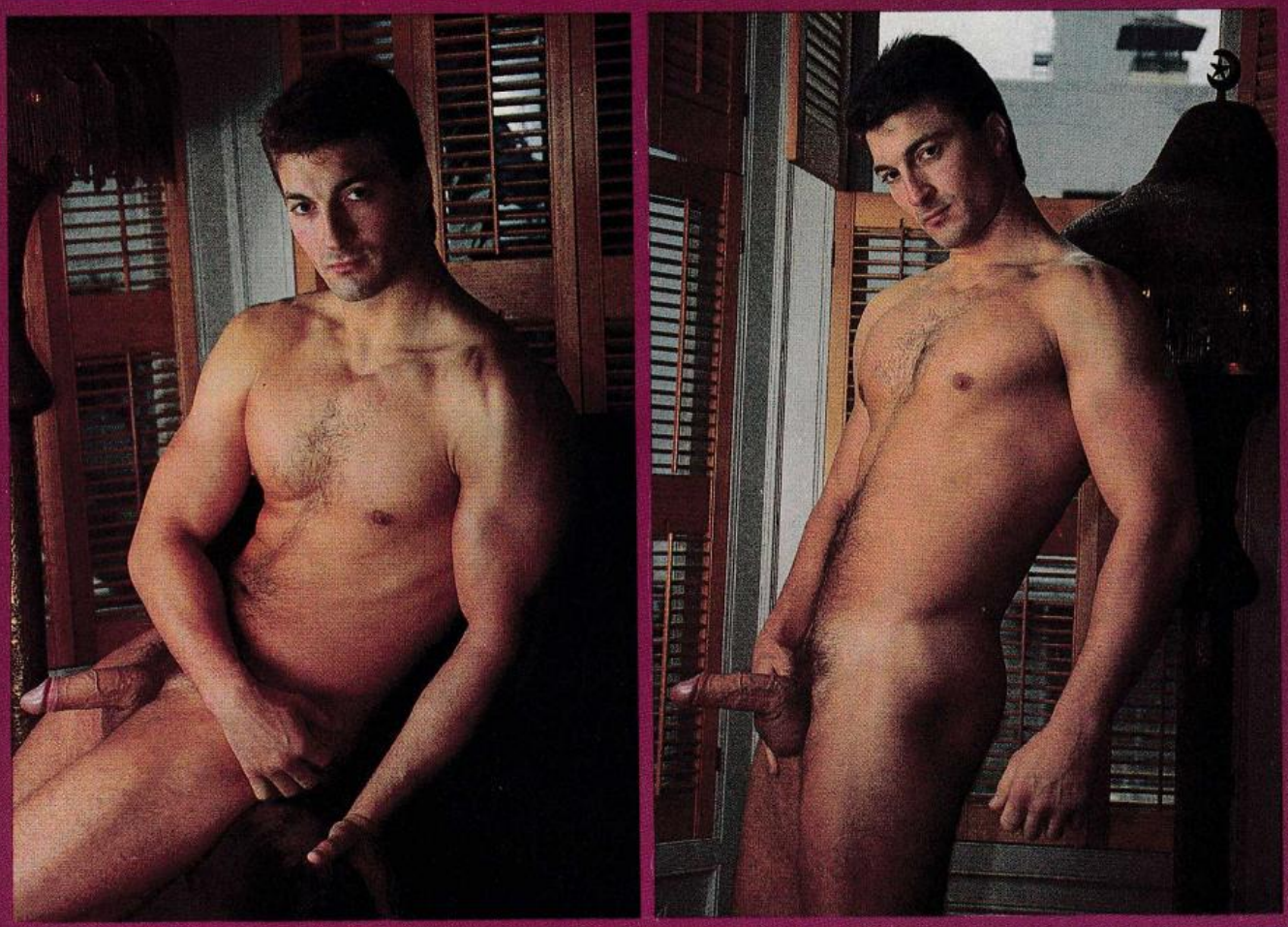
Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn



Grin and Bare It

He's on a manhunt and you're his target. Ready, aim, and fire.

Grin and Bare It



You won't have to worry about reloading; this looker has enough ammo for a couple of rounds.

MAN SEARCH

HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

The cost for a HONCHO ad is 50¢ per word.
***Commercial Ads** (any person or business charging for services, e.g., models, masseurs, mail shops, phone sex, membership organizations with fee) add $25.00 to the total cost of your ad.*

Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
11/1/95	2/1/86
12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86
2/1/86	5/1/86
3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the ocmplete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

☐ *My ad is _____ words @ 50¢ per word*

☐ *Commercial—add $25.00 per issue to total cost*

DISCOUNTS: ☐ *24 issues 30%*
☐ *12 issues 20%*
☐ *6 issues 10%*

Cost for one placement of ad $_____

Multiply cost × number of issues ad runs = $_____

Start my ad with the on sale date of _____ (see schedule above).

Enclosed $_____ for HONCHO CLASSIFIED (make check out to same and mail to: 155 6th Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

Any questions write or call the Advertising Dept. (212) 691-7700

PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.

With my signature I declare that I am over 18 years of age and that the information in my ad is true and correct. I am aware that no proofs of my ad will be submitted to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that HONCHO is in no way responsible for any contacts or transactions that occur as a result of placing this ad.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

ARIZONA

DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE.

Sought for monogamous relationship by 6', 165 lbs, 38, mature, stable, industrious, masculine, straight acting and appearing, supportive, extremely affectionate and cuddly who seeks the same. You: like deep throat, body worship, light B&D, are intelligent, good looking, 18-28, athletic, muscular, and extremely smooth hairless skinned guy. Must be able to relocate. No drugs, cigarettes and drink occasionally. Robert, 5823 North Invergordon Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85253.

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751.

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies: Paul, P.O. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

CALIFORNIA

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. P.S. Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

TWO VERSATILE EAST BAY

w/Buddies, 35/40 looking for 3rd. We're into leather, boots, uniforms, toys, tits, balls, bondage, D/S, creative safe-sex. Want to play? Tell us about yourself, your fantasies. 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland, CA 94670.

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

COLORADO

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631.

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611.

FLORIDA

FIREMEN/COPS

Wanted by hot, goodlooking, bi, 36, very uninhibited yet safe, healthy & discreet. Turn on to gear, uniforms, stories. Scott, P.O. Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. 305-863-9333. Thanks, dudes!

FULL EROTIC SENSUOUS MASSAGE

By handsome BI-WM. Safe, discreet, male or female, in or out. Chad 305-894-0148 Orlando

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must: 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

LONELY WHITE FLORIDA MALE INMATE

23 yr. old 6'0", 170 lbs. Sincere and loyal looking for anyone with a good heart that isn't afraid to take a chance on me. Would like to share some care and warmth. William Thompson #053779, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

GEORGIA

STUD BROTHERS

Ranchers. Clint: 40, 5'9", 160. Bi. Hairy. Salt/pepper hair/moustache. Hung 9" × 5½" around. Mike: 30, 6', 165. Straight. Tan. Black hair/moustache. Hung 8½" × 5" around. Invite letters, calls, and visits from masculine men, especially those who travel in our area regularly. Esp. truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, firemen, and salesmen. We are for real. You be, too. WE DO NOT WANT PHONE SEX. We want the real thing. CTJ, P.O. Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709 (912) 924-4038, weekdays, 8AM–5PM; some nights 9–11PM. Ask for Clint or Mike.

VERY WEALTHY

Masculine Top GWM 34 seeks young man ?-22 for companionship. Must be honest, clean, and willing to relocate. I have much to offer. Only sincere boys need apply. Box 3205, Atlanta, GA 30302.

HAWAII

WAIKIKI GDLKG/BLK STUD

Disease free. 30. Fr A/P Gr/A. 8". To meet clean Bi/Gay visitors 18-35 with smooth swimmers, hard bodies. TS/TV Bi M/F Cpls, androgynous males get TLC. Photo/letter to J., P.O. Box 85, Pearl City, HI 96782.

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

SEEKING CARING LOVER/ FRIENDS 19-30

No drugs, fats, or fems. GWM 5'11" 169, 22, BR/BL. Box 768 North Vernon, IN 47265.

LOUISIANA

MASCULINE GWM, 23,

6', 170 lbs., straight appearing, looking for sexy young men for correspondence or encounters. Your photo and letter gets mine. Michael, Box 30153, Lafayette, LA 70503-0153.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write: DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311.

MASSACHUSETTS

OLDER GWM

Wants GWM well endowed, uncut, 23-35 as son, lover, master. Into light bondage. Nude photo and phone answered first. Write Lou, P.O. Box 459, Manomet, Mass. 02345.

MISSOURI

BODYBUILDER

Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs. Attractive, seeks same, Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141.

NEBRASKA

GWM-SUBMISSIVE-BOTTOM

Medium build, 35, 5'2½", 135 lbs., straight acting. Seeks dominant, muscular, horny, cut hunks with hairy chests in need of oral stimulation. Hot mouth and ass needs your big thick tool. Truckers Welcome. Discretion a must. No Fats, Fems, Blacks. P.O. Box 31415, Omaha, NE 68131.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WM 29 5'11" 155,

into hot J/O, seeks others for intense action. Photos get mine. Box 13, Nashua, NH 03061-0013.

NEW JERSEY

COLLEGE STUDENT

Seeks same for friendship. Relationship or sex possible. Penpals OK. Box 772, Northfield, NJ 08225.

NORTH JERSEY NEEDS HELP

GWM 33 5'8" 185 lb. Br Hair, Gr Eyes. Just moved to NJ and looking for friend to share good times. Enjoy reading, music, quiet romantic evenings. Honest, sincere, straight acting, looking for same. Sexually versatile and health conscious. Send photo and letter to Bob, P.O. Box 538, Sparta, NJ 07871.

GWM 38, 5'9"

Brn/Brn, 165. Versatile, Friendly, Fr/Act/Pass. Seeks Masc. Gay/Bis For Good Times. Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, N.J. 07083

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

NEW YORK

BIMWM

30, good looking, 155, hot & horny. Wants other hot men for safe, fun times. Discretion assured. If you're horny for dick with no hassles, contact David, Box 134 Dewitt, NY 13214.

TALL ITAL/JEWISH BIG BROTHER

Do you remember your hunky feet (size 11+) serviced by your hot brother—WM, 30, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Tony at (212) 675-7352, between 8 pm—12 mid., to meet for an explosive reunion and possibly more.

G/W/M VIRGIN

Brown/green 5'11", 155 lbs., 31", 23, looking for G/W/M 18-35 for good times. No drugs, no fats, no fems. Photo, phone (Plus) will answer all (Hurry). Write: Box Holder, P.O. Box 507, Vails Gate, NY 12584

TOP/BOTTOM

BI/W/M 32 looking for same to have fun and explore together. Write your fantasies to PO Box 24661 Rochester, NY 14624

HOT MOUTH

craves hairy, masculine men (25-45). GWM, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs., hairy body. Handsome and hung. No cock has ever penetrated my tight butt. Looking for businessmen, preppies, athletes, married men. Send descriptive letter/revealing photo. CR, 600 W. 58th St., Suite 9150, NYC 10019

GOOD LOOKING/GWM

I am looking for a Greek or Turkish guy 19-30, good looking, to enjoy love, sex and life. I could share everything with the right person. No fats, fems, drugs, S/M. Nice cock and big welcome. Send photo. 892 Spur Dr. So., Bay Shore, NY 11706

HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN

Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall. Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex. Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road, Auburn, NY 13021.

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED
by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296.

TWO YNG GUYS
Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE
BM, 40, 5'6", 140. Retired from military. I am warm, sincere, clean, healthy and straight appearing. Live in upper middle class area, with conv. 2 bedroom apt. Like to meet a guy 18-25. Will be good to the right person and take care of you. No fems, drugs, weirdos or prisoners. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583

OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155
Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meat you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered. Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,
Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE
GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. P.O. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

YNG, BLOND SLAVE
Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402.

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.
Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply. Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

GWM, 21
Needs lasting relationship with caring GWM, 18-25 who is turned on by overweight guys. Box 424-H, Sunbury, PA 17801.

GETTYSBURG/ CHAMBERSBURG AREA
GWM 28, 5'10", 140, Br/Br, seeks GWM 25-35 for companionship/relationship. No fats/fems. PHOTO A MUST. P.O. Box 61, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214.

SOUTH CAROLINA

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER
or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. P.O. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

TEXAS

MID FIFTIES
Needs permanent YWM lover or roommate or visitors. Box 9281, College Station, TX 77840.

NEED FT HOOD AREA DADDY
G/Mex/26 yrs/Bl hair/Br eyes/6 inch uncut cock/130 lbs. Need Ft Hood area Daddy to service and worship his manly body. For hot manly cuddle and horny sex. Like all types of music, jogging, dancing, movies, quiet times. I don't smoke or do any heavy drinking. No SM/BD, Fats, Fems, Scat, Pain, Blacks, Mex, Orient, Just horny hot manly men who wants daddy's little man to service him. Write Bobby Garcia, 204 Allen St, Coppers Cove, TX 76522 (817) 547-8064.

VIRGINIA

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR,
Daddy. Hairy, trim beard, hung, un-cut, 38, 5'9", 150 lbs. Sexually versatile, basically top. Reply w/photo. K. Noble, Box 13, Arlington, VA 22210. No fats, fem, or GBM.

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE
Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WISCONSIN

ATTENTION STEVE!
Received letter months ago. Couldn't answer, you forgot your address. Please write. P.O. Box 3201, Guttenberg, New Jersey 07093.

INTERNATIONAL

GERMANY (42)
Seeks friends 30-50 for friendship and correspondence from U.S., Canada and everywhere. Send photo please.

HOT AND JUICY
Two beautiful, muscular sons, 24, seek wealthy father. Will travel. Reply to 80-21-10405 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, AB Canada T5J 3S2.

TORONTO AREA HOT/BOY SLAVE
Very obedient, handsome boy/slave, 28, wants to hear from handsome, horny, heavily hung daddy/master for uninhibited phone action, possible meeting. Call (519) 749-0581 anytime.

WANTED
Old issues of BIG (I will buy cash a whole collection), HIM, old Colt mags. Address yr. terms to Claude, BIG, B.P.77, 56700 Hennebont, France.

COMMERCIAL

BEST AND MOST DISCREET LIST

For those who want total discretion and personal service, THE GEMINI LIST IS #1. Especially good for bi, married, traveling men, and Honcho Type contacts. 5 Free Memberships given each month. Maybe you qualify for one? Special discount to truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, firefighters, farmers/ ranchers and similar trades. For limited time, any HONCHO staff member or any guy who has appeared in a Honcho layout will be given a complimentary year's membership. Proof of eligibility must be furnished. Free Information. No Obligation. Send Self-addressed, stamped envelope to: The Gemini List, P.O. Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709. Phone verification: (912) 924-4038. Weekdays 8-5.

CUM SPURTING PHONESEX!

Shoot your hot load with a friendly, imaginative, very horny, muscular, well-hung stud. Any scene you want! Only $12—no time limit! Visa/MC/Amex. Please call Scott (415) 441-7825. Juicy live action anytime!

HORNY TOAD

Smelly, sweaty, piss stained, cum streaked used jock w J/O letter & picture of wearer just $15. Hot cassettes, "Piss," "Dirty Jokes," "Master's Orders," "The Cop Calls." $10 each. Videos too! SIR, PO Box 14425, SF, CA 94114.

SALE—PRIVATE COLLECTION

Classic Male 8MM Reg. Films. Inexpensive. Sale List—$1.00. Box 215, Lincroft, New Jersey 07738.

PHONE FANTASY!

Call a hot young stud at (415) 976-5959, only $1.50 per call plus toll, must be over 18, California residents only.

ALTERNATIVE

For a change in style or color—Men's Human Hair full wigs—uncut 6 to 8 inch lengths—Beards etc. Send SASE to A.Y.L.I. Office, PO Box 740339, New Orleans, LA 70174.

KISS MY BUTT!

Muscular bi-guy, 26, humiliates slaves. Into W/S, hazing, scat. Also do tapes and calls. $5 for first letter to: Phil, PO Box 10509, Portland, Oregon 97210-0509.

NICK'S PHONE SEX

Ex-hustler sells it over the phone. Hot, hung, musc. & shoots big loads. Get on your knees and start dialing. MC-VISA (212) 691-3850.

SELECT-A-STUD

Personal encounters, photos, phone fantasies. Credit cards accepted. Worldwide service. Also hiring. 813-823-5629 anytime.

DICK AND MORE!

Big, sizzling-hot, uncensored national cock-adlists. Nude/erotic infopixpak $3.00: AD-MEN, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011.

SHOOT YOUR LOAD!

Hot phonesex with a friendly, imaginative, very horny, muscular, well-hung stud. Any scene you want! Only $15—no time limit! Visa/MC/Amex. Please call Scott, (415) 441-7825. Sizzling action anytime!

NEW YORK MODEL

and escort. Pretty Black guy. Smooth olive skin. Robby. Morning, Noon or Night. (212) 534-7550.

"COLLEGE JOCK" IN MANHATTAN!

New York's hottest model/escort for your pleasure. 6'2", smooth chest, 9" thick, discreet & friendly. Midtown location. Robert (212) 734-4185.

NEW YORK MODEL & ESCORT

Pretty black guy. Smooth olive skin. Robby. Morning, Noon or Night. (212) 534-7550

SAFE SEX! SAFE SEX!

Amsterdam horny gay student sells hot spoken musictapes at $10 per tape. Johan,' J.H. Van Der Zant, Postbox 183, 1170 AD Badhoevedorp, The Netherlands.

STAY HEALTHY WITH SIR!

Color videos (VHS, Beta); Piss Pig, Dildo Fun, Cum Chronicles, Foreskin, Foreskin 2, Piss 2, Scat City, Shave Pig, Hardcore Spanking, Peeping Tom, Enema Fun, Latino Men, Ass Eater. $49.95 each. SIRCO. PO Box 14425, S.F. CA 94114.

LIVE PERSONALS

1-718-225-9430 (24 hour tape)

ORGANIZATIONS

CS

Men into cigars, POB 15344, San Antonio, Texas 78212-8544.

MAN-HAIR

Hairy men/admirers. Nationwide uncensored adlistings. Nude infopixpak $3.00: MAN-HAIR, 59 West 10, NYC 10011.

AMALGAMATED AMERICAN MALE

The Clubs That Give You Exactly What You Want! UNDERCOVERMAN The Jockey Shorts, Jockstrap, All Underwear, Fetish Club for Men. REAR FR. OF AMERICA! 6th year of club for healthy men who like to rim and/or get rimmed. FOOTMAN: 6TH YEAR! The Boot, Shoe, Socks, Sneakers and Bare Feet club for Men. RAINMAKERS: 4TH YEAR Complete water sports club for men into golden showers and enemas. HANDYMAN: THE J/O CLUB For men seeking a safe sex alternative. Man to man or phone j/o. AMERICA-GR ALLIANCE 5th yr of club for guys who like to fuck (or get fucked). P.S. It's also for guys into finger fucking and belly fucking! INFO: $2 for each club: AAM, PO Box 2096-H, New York, NY 10013.

BALL CLUB

Information, SASE BC, POB 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

BEAT YOUR MEAT

With NY's Hottest Horniest Dudes! Weekly J/O Group in Manhattan and nationwide Phonesex club. Box D-34, 496 Hudson Street, NY, NY 10014; 1-212-420-9118 or 1-718-225-1943.

PHONESEX

Get off over the phone—call NOW—(313) 239-0940. Become a member and receive Free Phone Calls! 10pm-3am MC/VISA.

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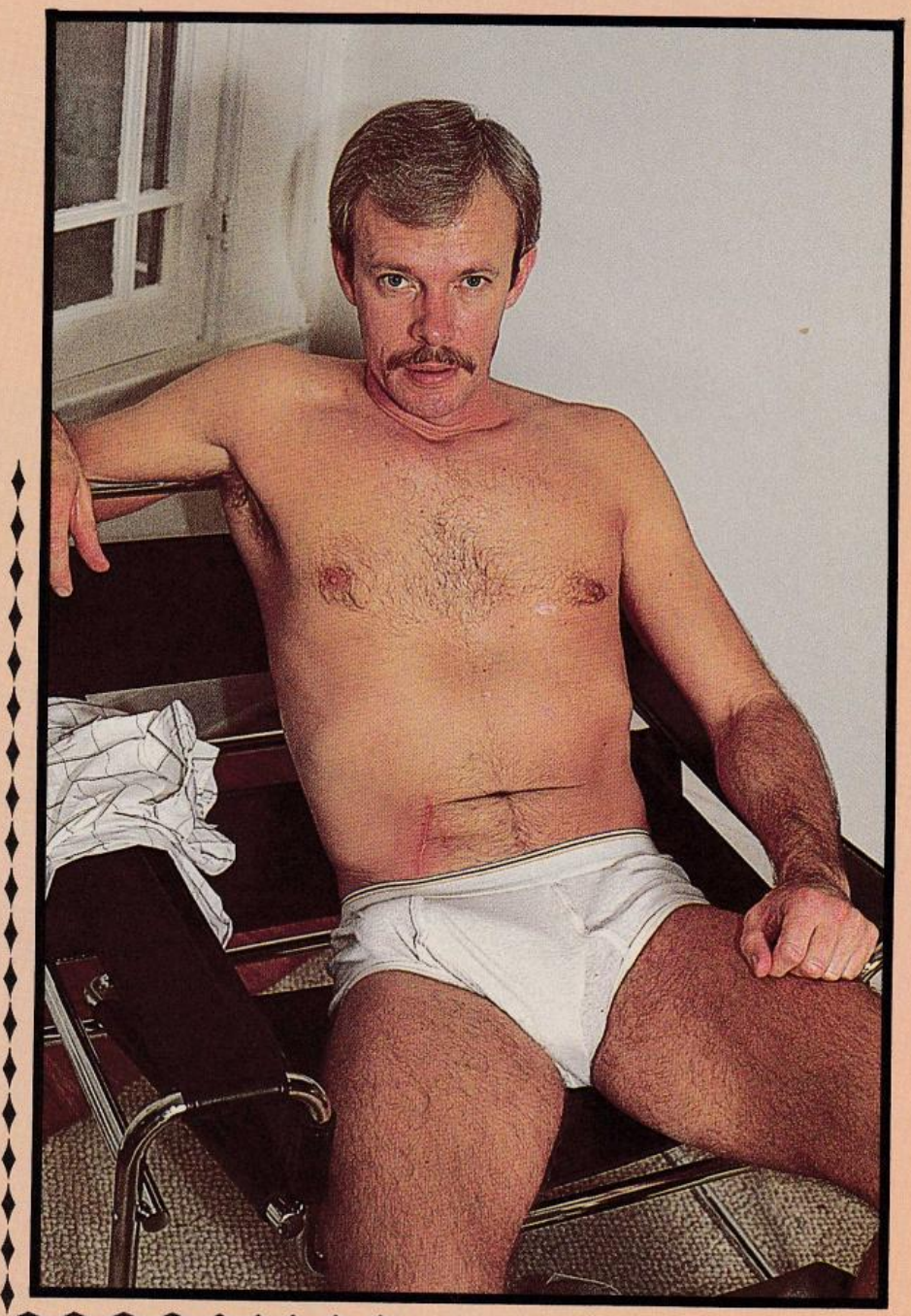
Come learn or expand with Interchain. Daddy/Top interested masters also may apply. A weekend or a week. Box 3024, GCS, NYC 10163.

Big, Bigger, Biggest

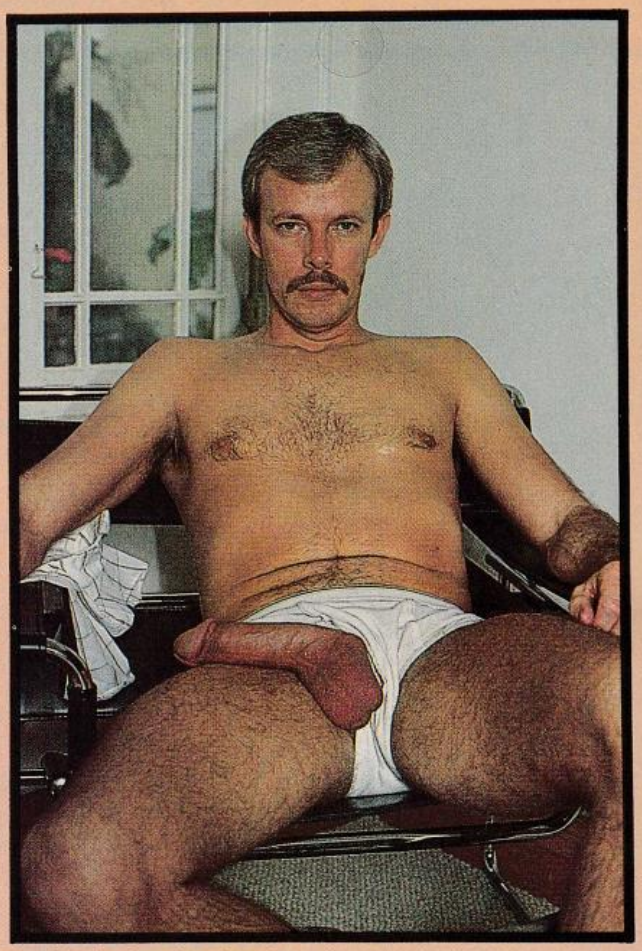
This guy is a size-freak's dream.

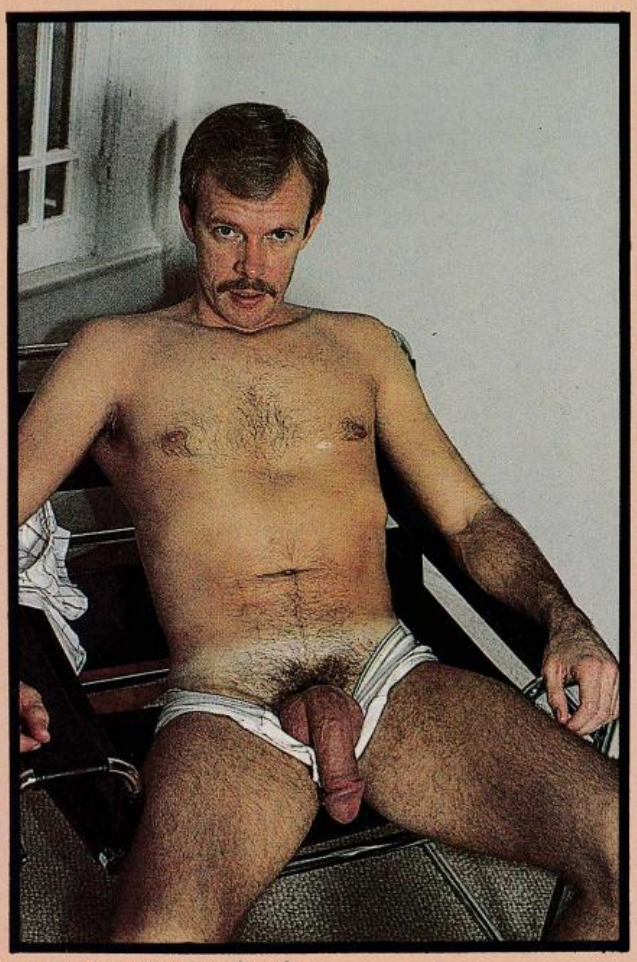
Section photographed by Eagle Studio



Big, Bigger, ***Biggest***

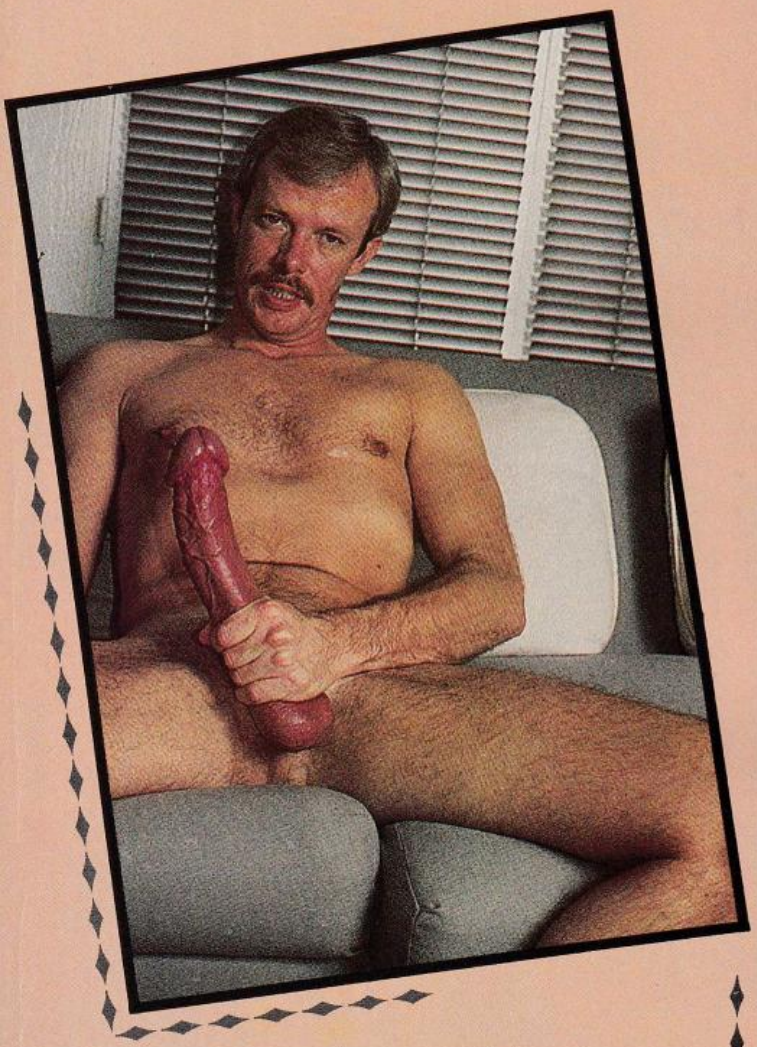
Sure it's big, but the fun's just starting.





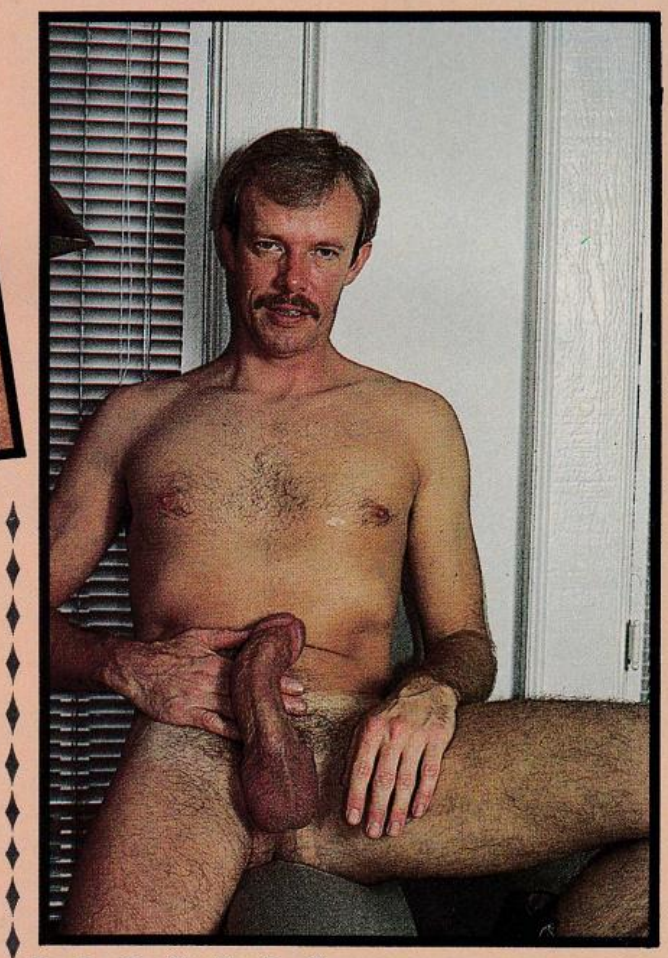
Big, Bigger, *Biggest*

Watch how he makes it even bigger.



Big, Bigger, *Biggest*

You'd have to go a long way to top this; he's at his best when he's biggest.



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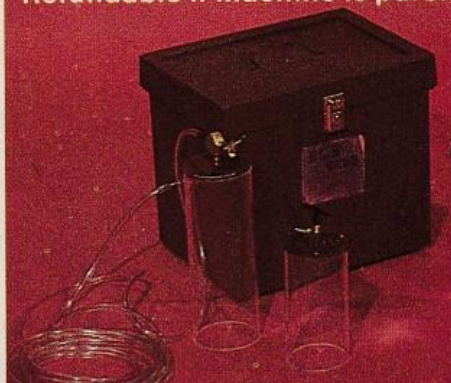

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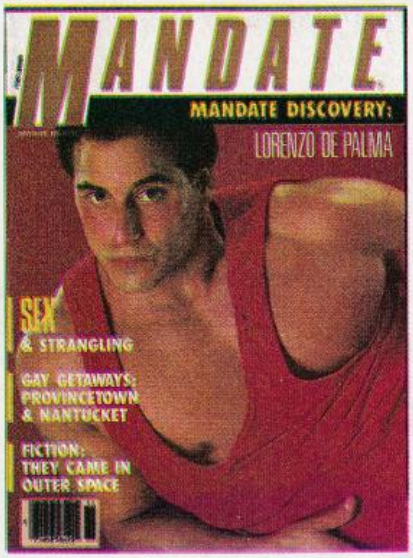

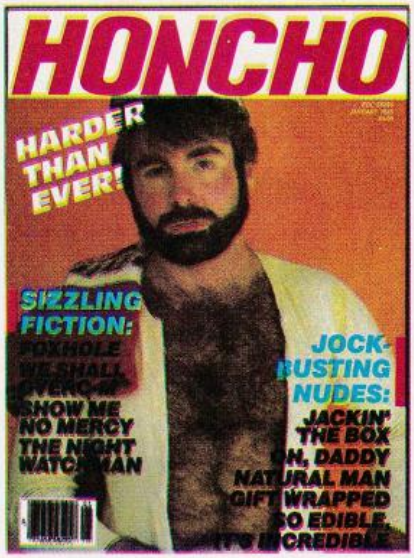

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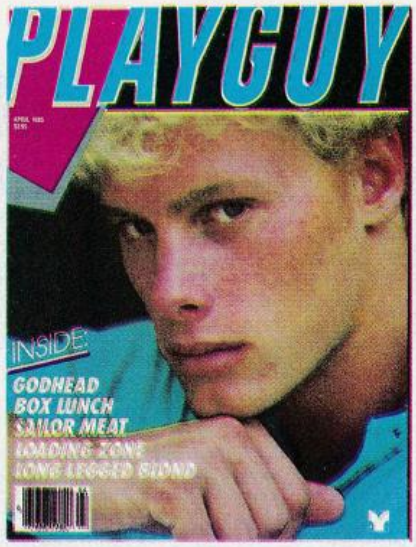

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